Issue 1127 >> March 31, 2011 >> $4.99
rollingstone.com

Rolling Stone

Howard Stern

Deeply Neurotic, Desperate for Approval – And Happier Than Ever

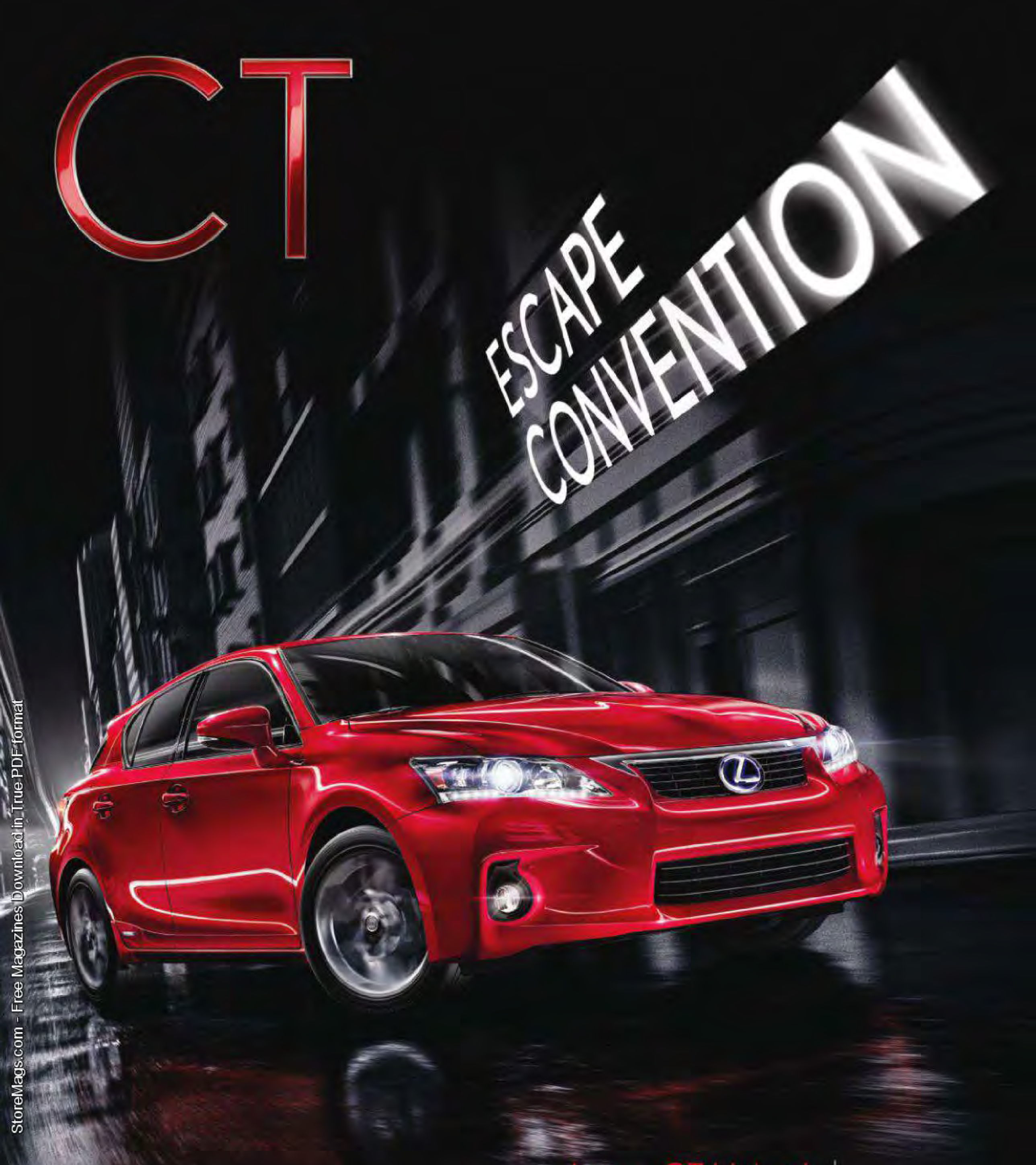
Spring Music Preview

LADY GAGA
JAY-Z & KANYE
LIL WAYNE
PAUL SIMON
FOO FIGHTERS
FLEET FOXES

Of Bongs & Bullets

HOW TWO STONER KIDS BECAME BIG-TIME ARMS DEALERS

The Strokes' Triumphant Comeback



StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

StoreMags.com

Rolling Stone

Issue 1127 >> March 31, 2011 >> $4.99
rollingstone.com

Of Bongs & Bullets

HOW TWO STONER KIDS BECAME BIG-TIME ARMS DEALERS

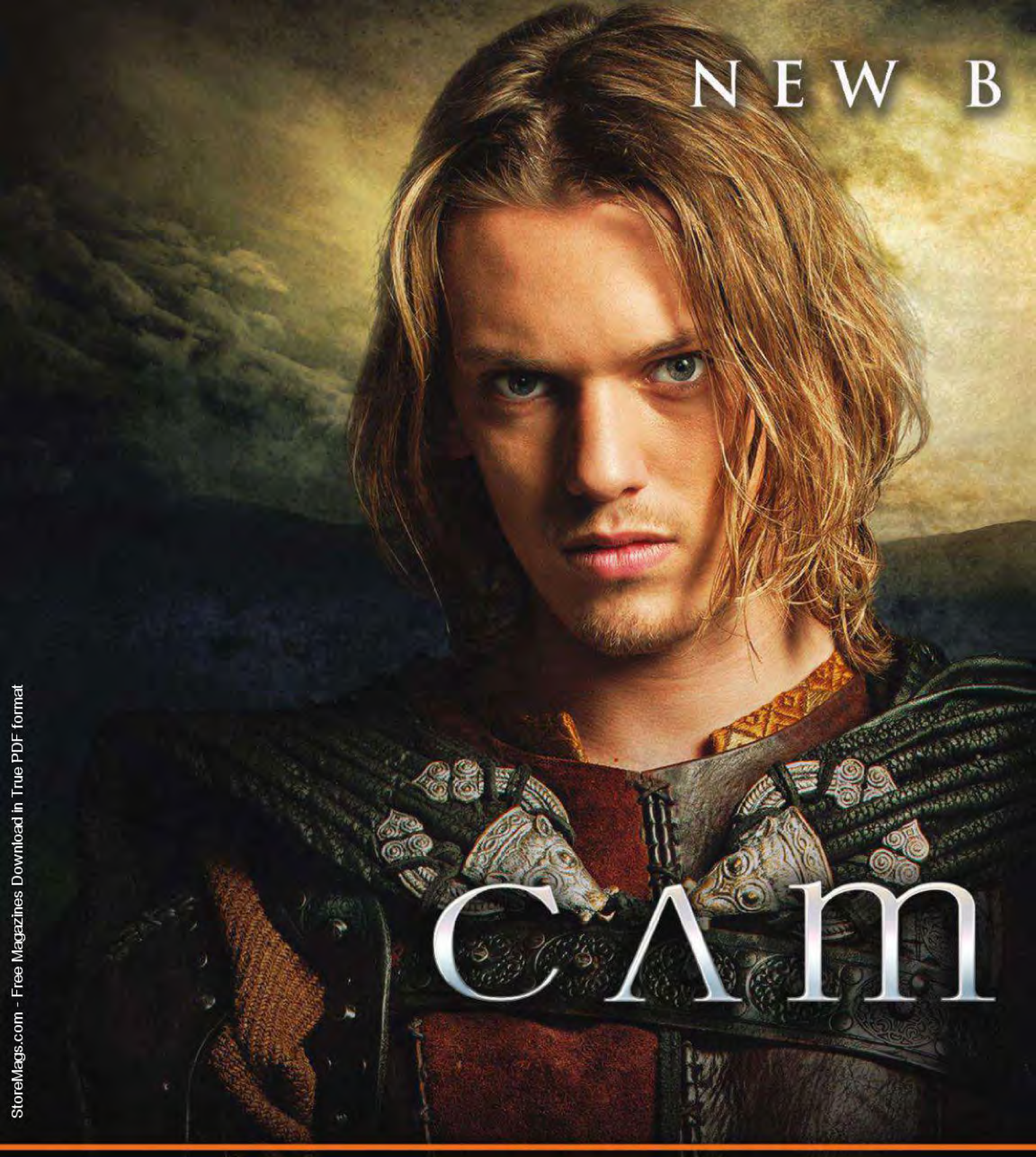
Spring Music Preview

LADY GAGA
JAY-Z & KANYE
LIL WAYNE
PAUL SIMON
FOO FIGHTERS
FLEET FOXES

The Strokes' Triumphant Comeback

Howard Stern

Deeply Neurotic, Desperate for Approval – And Happier Than Ever



StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

StoreMags.com

LOOD

An **ORIGINAL SERIES** by STARZ®

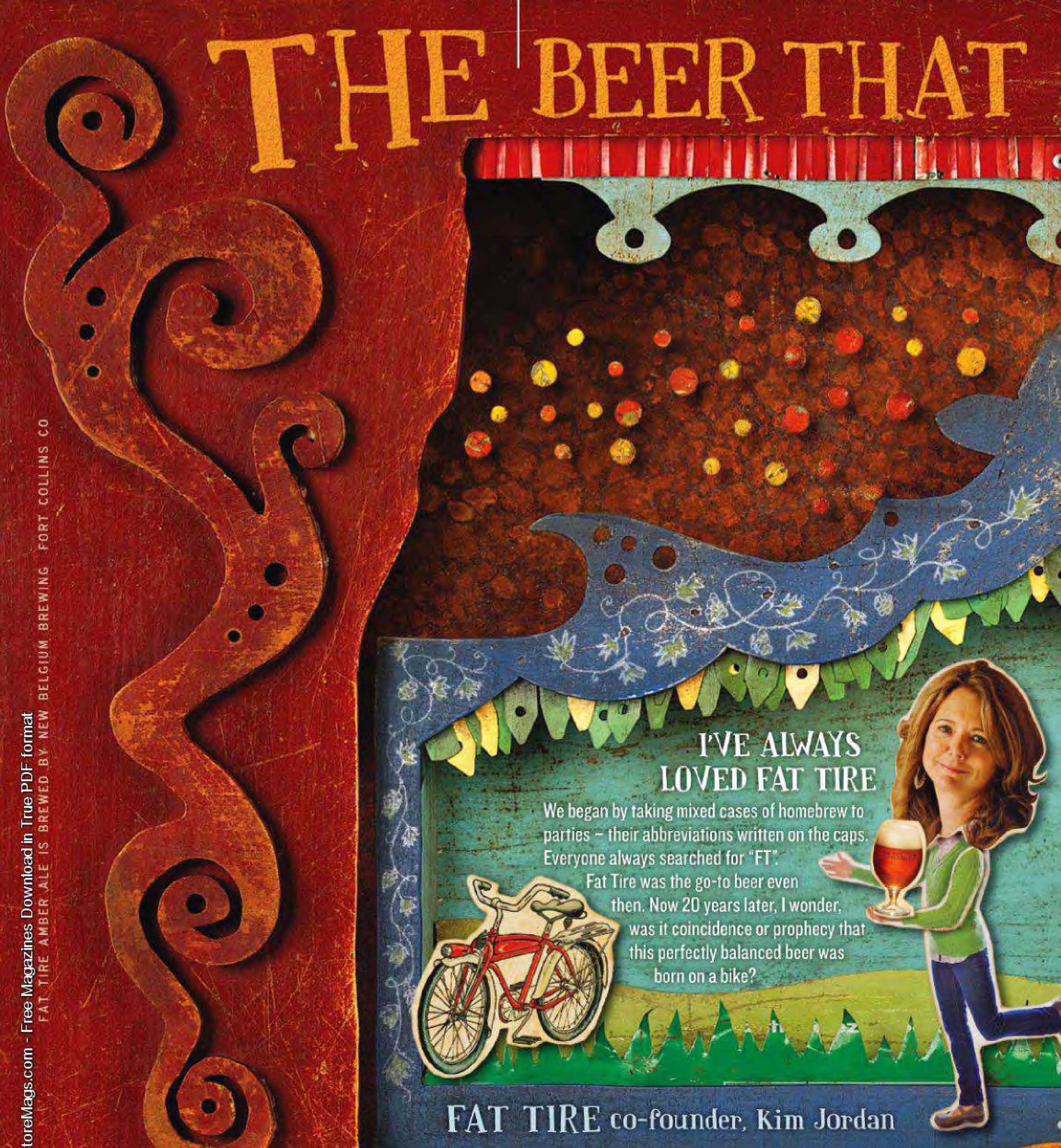
ELOT

starz

APRIL 1 **FRIDAYS** 10PM

2-HOUR SERIES PREMIERE

THE BEER THAT



RIDE ON TO HAP

FAT TIRE AMBER ALE IS BREWED BY NEW BELGIUM BREWING FORT COLLINS CO

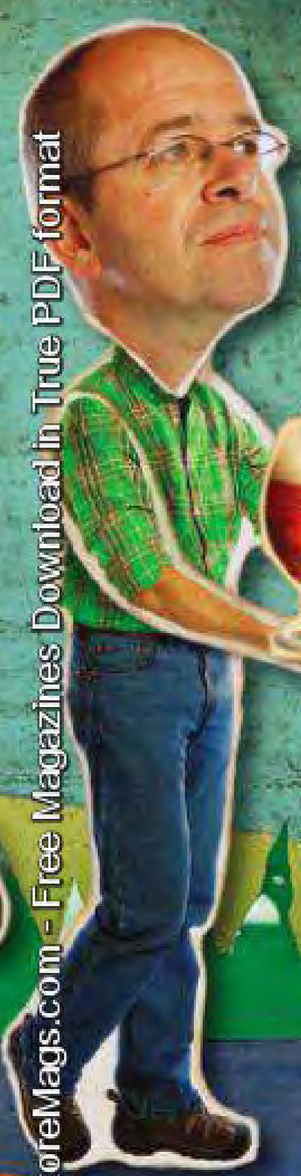
StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

ALIGN FOLD HERE

FOLD THIS AD!

BRINGS US JOY



I'VE ALWAYS HATED FAT TIRE

It's the hardest beer for us to make. It's still a homebrew recipe. The hop/malt balance required makes me pull out what little hair I have left. But, last night as I savored Fat Tire Ale, all was forgiven. The Belgian inspiration, the elegance – it's worth every ounce of frustration.



Peter Bouckaert, brewer of FAT TIRE

NEW BELGIUM BREWING

PINESS AT NewBelgium.com

3. 4. REVEAL OUR JOY RIDE!

FOLD HERE →

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

StoreKaga.com



Tim Laman *for* National Geographic

Storeklegs.com

The state of magazines is sticky, 43 minutes per issue sticky.

Media continue to proliferate. Attention spans continue to shrink. And free content is available everywhere, from the Internet to the insides of elevators.

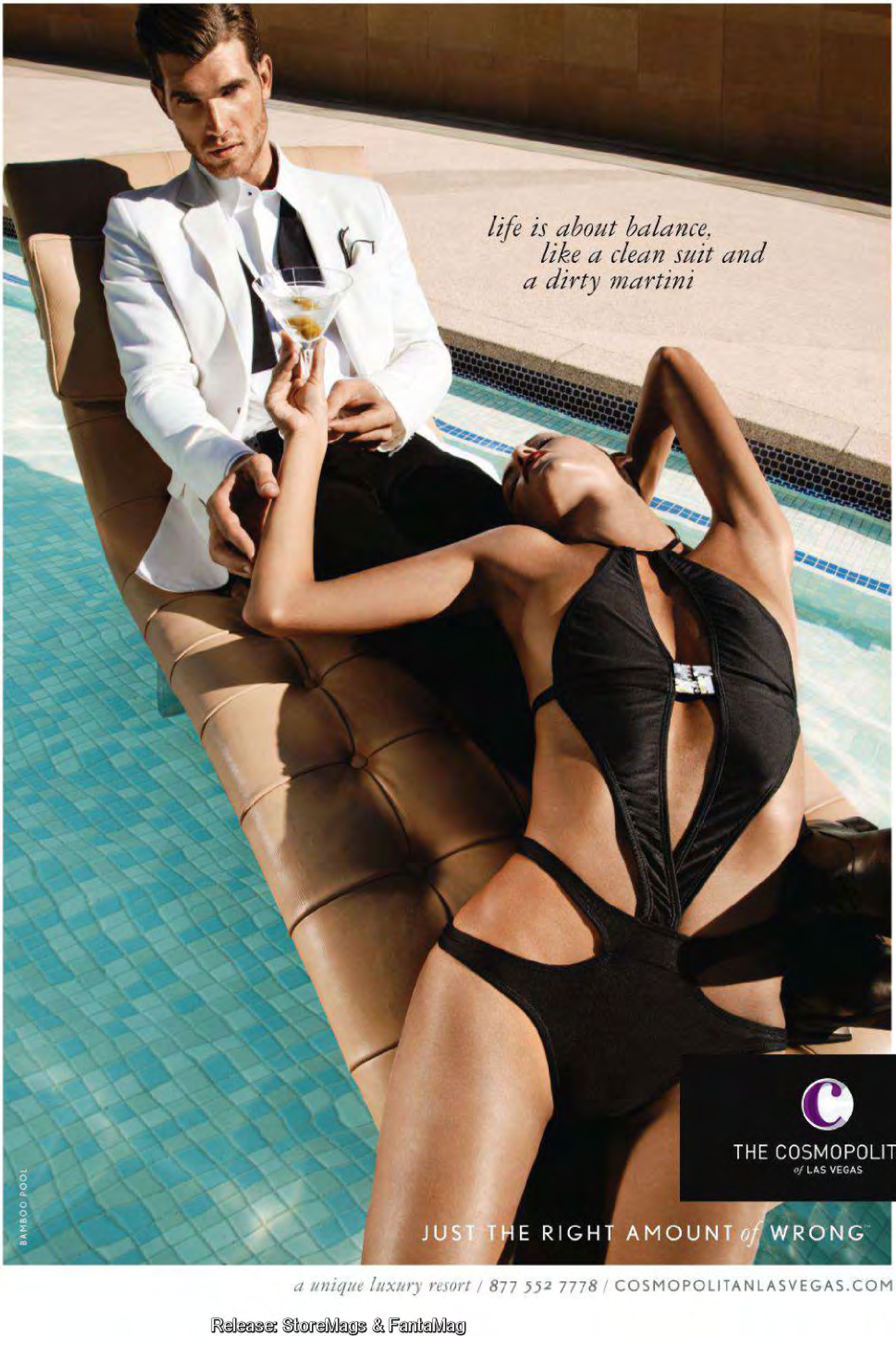
Why then are 93% of American adults still so attached to magazines? Why do so many people, young and old, spend so much time with a medium that's paper and ink, a medium you actually have to pay for in order to read?

In a word, engagement. Reading a magazine remains a uniquely intimate and immersive experience. Not only is magazine readership up, readers spend an average of 43 minutes per issue.

Further, those 43 minutes of attention are typically undivided. Among all media—digital or analog—magazine readers are least likely to engage in another activity while reading. (Advertisers, take note.)

Stickiness. Another demonstration of the power of magazines.

MAgaZINEs



StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

storekegs.com

RS1127
"ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS"

The Sounds of Simon

This spring, Paul Simon will embark on a 17-date tour of small venues, playing new tunes, Simon and Garfunkel hits, and deep solo cuts. "I might pick up my acoustic guitar and sing whatever comes into my mind," says the singer (pictured at home). "That's the fun of clubs." For a preview of his album, *So Beautiful or So What*, turn to page 30.

Photograph by Mark Seliger

CONTENTS

ROLLING STONE | MARCH 31, 2011



Lady Gaga's huge new album. p. 17



Simon Pegg and Nick Frost's nerd romance. p. 48



The Strokes' triumphant return. p. 61

FEATURES

The Happiest Man Alive
The long struggle and neurotic triumph of Howard Stern.
By NEIL STRAUSS *40*

Brothers From Another Planet
How Simon Pegg and Nick Frost converted their nerd romance into comedy gold. *By* JONAH WEINER *48*

Arms and the Dudes
Two stoner buddies from Miami Beach managed to become big-time arms dealers – and then the Pentagon turned on them.
By GUY LAWSON *52*

ROCK & ROLL

Gaga's 'Epic' Follow-Up
Inside the year's most anticipated album *17*

YouTube: Digital Music's Unlikely King
Video site draws hundreds of billions of song plays *17*

Beach Boys to Release Lost 'Smile' Sessions
Box set unearths music from aborted masterpiece *18*

Q&A: Trent Reznor
The Oscar winner on Lollapalooza memories, the Beatles and Hollywood's big night *20*

The Decemberists' Surprising Pop Success
How rock's most literary band hit it big with its first Number One album, *The King Is Dead* – and why the group is hanging it up *34*

DEPARTMENTS

RANDOM NOTES

Bieber the Punk
The president honors James Taylor; Bieber flips the bird *36*

TELEVISION

Charles in Charge
Charlie Sheen may be a pathetic, delusional drug addict, but he's as American as apple pie and Captain Ahab *38*

RECORD REVIEWS

Return of the Strokes
Angles revives their old kick while leaping forward. **PLUS:** Britney Spears, the Cars *61*

MOVIES

Swimming With Narcs
The Bradley Cooper thriller *Limitless* hinges on a dangerous wonder drug *70*

SPECIAL SECTION

The 2011 Spring Music Preview
ROLLING STONE gives you the lowdown on all of the spring and summer's hottest albums – Foo Fighters, Weezy, My Morning Jacket and 40 other records *24*

ON THE COVER Howard Stern photographed in New York on March 1st, 2011, by **Mark Seliger**.

Styling by Ralph Cirella. Hair by Toni Coburn. Grooming by Vaughn for mizu new york. Jewelry by King Baby.

FROM TOP: COURTESY OF LADY GAGA VIA TWITTER.COM; CHRIS HEADS; COURTESY OF RCA RECORDS

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

It's a lot like nothing else.

HTC ThunderBolt™

htc.com



Available at verizon and BEST BUY

htc
quietly brilliant™

Free Magazines Download in True PDF format - StoreMags.com

©2011 HTC Corporation. All rights reserved. HTC, the HTC logo, HTC quietly brilliant logo, HTC Sense, YOU and the YOU design are trademarks of HTC Corporation. ©2011 Verizon Wireless. ThunderBolt is a trademark of Verizon Wireless. Best Buy logo is a trademark of BBY Solutions, Inc. All other trademarks, trade names, logos and product names may be the trademarks of their respective owners. Screen image simulated.

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

NOW ON ROLLINGSTONE.COM



Collen (left) and Elliott

Def Leppard Unplugged!

Phil Collen and Joe Elliott play acoustic versions of their classics "Hysteria" and "Pour Some Sugar on Me" at the ROLLING STONE offices.



Dave Grohl

Sneak Peek: Foo Fighters on Film

RS rounds up the best new rock docs, including *The Foo Fighters: Back and Forth*, by director James Moll, which traces the history of the band up to the recording of its new album, *Wasting Light*. Also featured: Lemmy Kilmister's *49% Motherf**ker. 51% Son of a Bitch.*

ALWAYS ON ROLLINGSTONE.COM

Up-to-the-minute music news, interviews and exclusives

VIDEO

Stern Turns the Tables

Contributing editor Neil Strauss visits Howard Stern's radio show and sees what it feels like to be in Stern's hot seat. Plus: Hear exclusive audio from Stern's ROLLING STONE interview.

VIDEO

Sammy Hagar Takes RS

The former Van Halen frontman answers fan questions about his relationship with Eddie Van Halen, his shocking new memoir and more.



Middle Brother



Stern

CONCERT COVERAGE

Lil Wayne Returns

On the scene in Buffalo, New York, as Wayne's I Am Music II Tour kicks off with Nicki Minaj and more guests on March 18th.

ROLLING STONE LIVE

Middle Brother Strip Down

The folk-rock supergroup featuring Deer Tick's John McCauley, Dawes' Taylor Goldsmith and Matt Vasquez from Delta Spirit plays songs from *Middle Brother* live in our offices.

CONNECT WITH RS

24/7 Rock Coverage

Sign up for our newsletter for the best stories and photos of the day. Plus: Follow us on Facebook and Twitter for the latest rock news.

VIDEO

Simon Pegg and Nick Frost on the Loose

The English funnymen known for *Shaun of the Dead* sport cat masks and fairy wings.



Pegg (right) and Frost

Rolling Stone

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER: Jann S. Wenner

MANAGING EDITOR: Will Dana
EXECUTIVE EDITOR: Eric Bates
DEPUTY MANAGING EDITORS: Nathan Brackett
John Dioso
ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITORS: Jonathan Ringen
Sean Woods
SENIOR WRITERS: David Fricke, Brian Hiatt, Peter Travers
SENIOR EDITORS: Christian Hoard, Coco McPherson
Thomas Walsh
ASSOCIATE EDITOR: Simon Vozick-Levinson
ASSISTANT EDITORS: Erika Berlin, Meredith Clark
Patrick Doyle, Julia Holmes, Sarene Leeds, Toni Rumore
Phoebe St. John
ASSISTANT TO THE EDITOR AND PUBLISHER: Ally Lewis
EDITORIAL STAFF: Alison Weinflash
ROLLINGSTONE.COM: Nick Catucci (*Editor in Chief*)
Abbey Goodman (*Executive Ed.*), Alex Levy
(*Artist Relations Dir.*), Julian Brookes (*Politics Ed.*)
Doree Shafrir (*Senior Ed.*), Andy Greene (*Associate Ed.*)
Erica Futterman, John Gara
EDITOR AT LARGE: Jason Fine
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Mark Binelli, David Browne
Rich Cohen, Jonathan Cott, Anthony DeCurtis
Tim Dickinson, Raoul Duke (*Sports*), Gavin Edwards
Josh Eells, Jenny Eliscu, Sabrina Rubin Erdely, Mikal Gilmore
Jeff Goodell, Vanessa Grigoriadis, Michael Hastings
Erik Hedegaard, Robert F. Kennedy Jr., Steve Knopper
David Kushner, Guy Lawson, Greil Marcus, Charles Perry
Janet Reitman, Austin Scaggs, Jeff Sharlet
Rob Sheffield, Paul Solotaroff, Ralph Steadman (*Gardening*)
Neil Strauss, Matt Taibbi, Touré, Ben Wallace-Wells
Jonah Weiner, David Wild

ART DIRECTOR: Joseph Hutchinson
CREATIVE DIRECTOR: Jodi Peckman
ART DEPARTMENT: Steven Charny (*Sr. Art Dir.*)
Matthew Cooley (*Deputy Art Dir.*)
Elizabeth Oh (*Assoc. Art Dir.*)
PHOTO DEPARTMENT: Deborah Dragon (*Deputy Photo Ed.*)
Sacha Lecca (*Sr. Photo Ed.*), Sonja Gill (*Assoc. Photo Ed.*)
ART AND PHOTO ASSISTANT: Jackie Lee

PUBLISHER: Matt Mastrangelo
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER: Michael H. Provus
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER, MARKETING: Joyce Parente
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR: Erik Yates
ADVERTISING BUSINESS DIRECTOR: Danika Parente
NEW YORK: Brian Kantor, Lora Logan, Cindy Mata Gross
Craig Mura
CHICAGO: Joe Hoffer (*Dir.*), Adam Anderson
DETROIT: Brian Green (*Dir.*)
LOS ANGELES: Diane Clements, Kurt DeMars
NORTHEAST: Stephanie Coughlan, Gretel Schneider
SOUTHWEST: Adam Knippa, Ellen Lewis, Michael Stafford
SOUTHEAST: Christine Murphy, Peter Zuckerman
NATIONAL MUSIC DIRECTOR: Mitch Herskowitz
DIRECT-RESPONSE ADVERTISING: Kayla Ravitz

MARKETING: Artie Athas, David Aussenberg
Ryan Bair, Breana Murphy
CHIEF DIGITAL OFFICER: Steven Schwartz
DIGITAL MEDIA: Ben French (*Executive Producer*)
Todd Leslie, Matthew Schulte (*Dirs.*), Pete DiRenzo
Kelly Jahrnes, Megan Thomas (*Chicago*)
Matthew Habib (*Los Angeles*)
PUBLICITY: Mark Neschis (*Dir.*)
CIRCULATION: Michael Porché, John Reese (*Dirs.*)
Erik Hass, Mee-Vin Mak
MANUFACTURING: Patrick Bryan, Kevin Jones
Enid Silverman (*Dirs.*), Ed Gross, Nina Pearlman (*Mgrs.*)
Jessica Horowitz
EDITORIAL OPERATIONS: John Dragonetti (*Dir.*)
Eleni Tzinakos, Therese Hurter, Henry Groskinsky

CHIEF OPERATING OFFICER: John A. Gruber
VICE PRESIDENT, TAX AND FINANCE: Timothy Walsh
GENERAL COUNSEL: Dana Rosen
HUMAN RESOURCES DIRECTOR: Amy Burak
RECRUITER: Shari Rosen
INTERNATIONAL LICENSING DIRECTOR: Maureen Lamberti
CORPORATE RESEARCH DIRECTOR: Amy Cooper

Wenner Media
CHAIRMAN: Jann S. Wenner
VICE PRESIDENTS: Timothy Walsh, Jane Wenner

MAIN OFFICES
1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10104-0298
212-484-1616
NATIONAL MUSIC ADVERTISING: 441 Lexington Ave.
New York, NY 10017; 212-490-1715
DIRECT-RESPONSE ADVERTISING: 212-484-3418
REGIONAL OFFICES
333 N. Michigan Ave., Suite 1105, Chicago, IL 60601
312-782-2366
Columbia Center I, 201 West Big Beaver Rd., Suite 1230
Troy, MI 48084; 248-743-1020
5700 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 345, Los Angeles, CA 90036
323-930-3300
Responsible Media, 277 Linden St., Suite 205
Wellesley, MA 02482; 781-235-2429
Lewis Stafford Co., 5000 Quorum Dr., Suite 545
Dallas, TX 75254; 972-960-2889
Z Media, 1666 Kennedy Causeway, Suite 602
Miami Beach, FL 33141; 305-532-5566
Angelo Careddu, Oberon Media, Via Andegari 18
20121 Milano, Italy; 011-3902-874-543

Copyright © 2011 by Rolling Stone LLC. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without permission is prohibited. Rolling Stone® is a registered trademark of Rolling Stone LLC. Printed in the United States of America.

RALPH J. GLEASON 1917-1975
HUNTER S. THOMPSON 1937-2005

ROLLING STONE is printed on 100 percent carbon-neutral paper.

FROM TOP: SACHA LECCA; SPITFIRE PICTURES; SHANNON STAPLETON/REUTERS/LANDOV; BOTTOM, FROM LEFT: SACHA LECCA; CHRIS HEARD

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

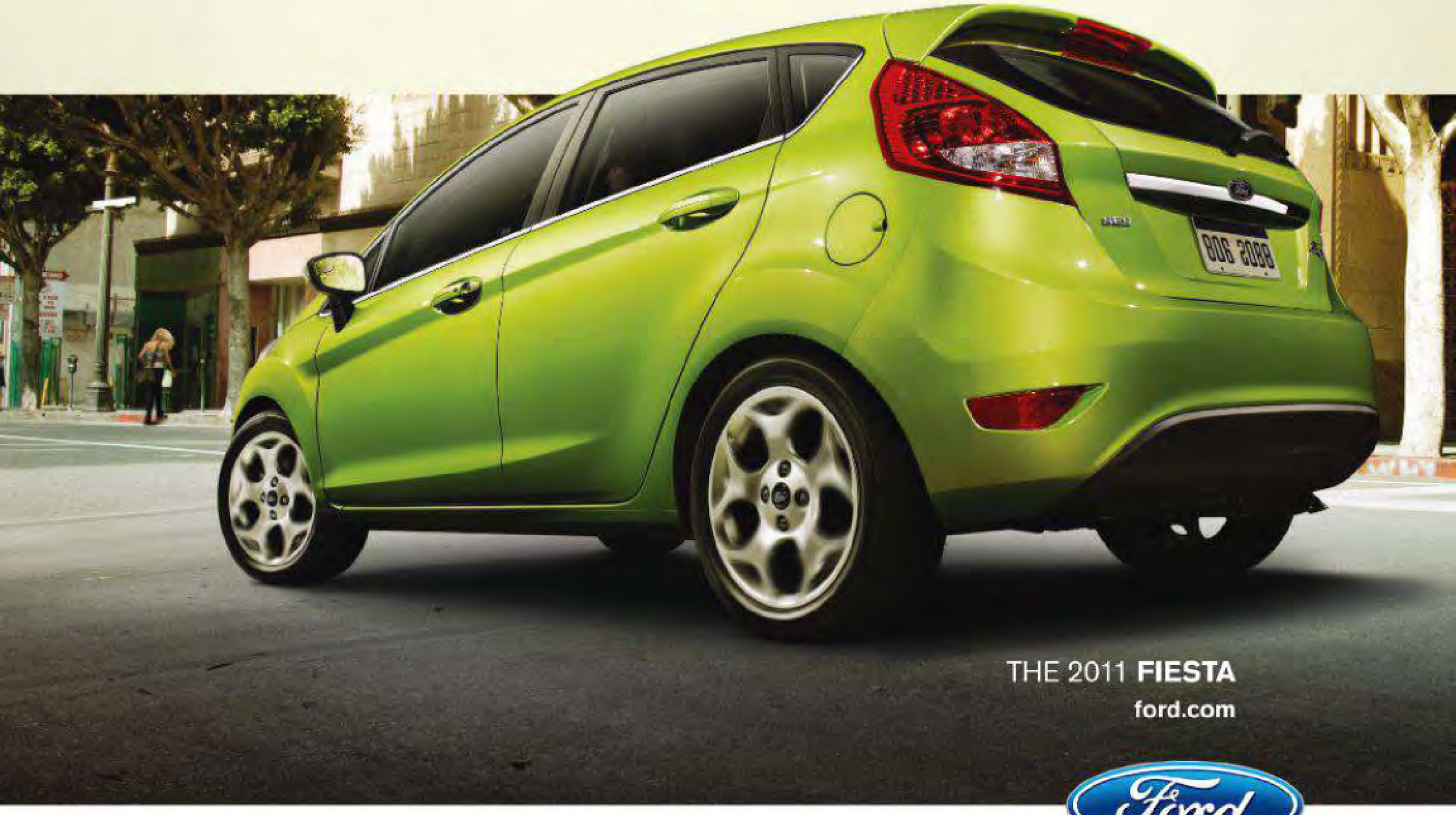
fiorelage.com

THE FIESTA HAS ENOUGH NEW-WORLD TECHNOLOGY TO PUT A 50-GRAND CAR TO SHAME.



There's a lot you can get in a Fiesta. A class-exclusive 4" multifunctional display with LCD screen,* standard. A PowerShift six-speed automatic transmission.** That's the kind of engineering that makes it more responsive and still keeps it fuel-efficient.† The Fiesta also has available keyless entry, push-button start, voice-activated SYNC®†† and even ambient lighting. All told, that's as much high-end technology as in many premium cars. How's that for high tech?

IT'S A PRETTY BIG DEAL.



*Class is Compact Cars. **Optional. †Fiesta SES shown. EPA-estimated 29 city/38 hwy/33 combined mpg, automatic. ††Driving while distracted can result in loss of vehicle control. Only use mobile phones and other devices, even with voice commands, when it is safe to do so.

Drive one.

Correspondence

{ Love Letters & Advice }



Bieber Fever

LOVED, LOVED, LOVED THE story and photos of Justin Bieber ["The Adventures of Super Boy," RS 1125]. I always thought of Bieber as a cute boy, but after seeing the cover – damn! He's hot!

Cheri Lord, Ottumwa, IA

I WAS ANNOYED WHEN I SAW Bieber on the cover, but then I took a closer look at the white undershirt, the black leather jacket, the mussed-up hair and the blank gaze and realized it was a Springsteen tribute: "Darkness on the Edge of Puberty."

Dennis Kitchell
Spring Valley, CA

BIEBER ON THE COVER OF ROLLING STONE is kinda like having Michael Vick on the cover of *Dog Lovers Monthly*.

Dave Picton, Guilford, CT

THERE'S NO DENYING BIEBER has decent pipes and knows how to effectively market bubblegum pop, but he stands for everything that is wrong with modern music. It was a shame to pair him with the Clash. Joe Strummer must be turning in his grave.

Danny Gladstone, Los Angeles

Combat Rock

THANKS TO RS AND MIKAL Gilmore for the blast straight from the heart that was "The Fury and the Power of the Clash" [RS 1125]. My formative rock years were the period when the Clash were "the only band that mattered" – and my passions for the cause that the Clash stood for, namely, the pursuit of justice in the world, still burn. The Clash are gone, but the torch they carried still shines in this world.

Bruce Riordan, Los Angeles

WHEN I TURNED FROM THE Bieber story to the awesome picture of the Clash, the difference between a meaningless pop star and a genuine, shitkicking rock & roll band could not possibly have been more obvious.

Michael Anklin, Bloomington, IN

I REALLY ENJOYED THE article on the Clash. It was a reminder that music was and can still be of vital importance in an increasingly uncertain world. I only hope that the last line – "We no longer allow the room for their sort of voice" – isn't true. If it is, then we are in even more trouble than I had imagined.

Justin Burnett, St. Louis

Wall Street Hustle

MATT TAIBBI'S ARTICLE "Why Isn't Wall Street in Jail?" [RS 1125] evoked the same reaction I have each time ROLLING STONE prints one of his exceptional pieces: I was riveted by what he uncovered, shocked by the truths he conveyed, awed by his commitment to social justice and, in the end, deeply disheartened by the state of the country he is describing.

Chris Ytuarte, Brooklyn

TAIBBI IS BRILLIANT. HIS piece on Wall Street was scathing. It is so refreshing to read someone who is not afraid to be honest and exposes people for who they are. There is never any sugarcoated bullshit; he just tells it like it is. He is a perfect example of what every good journalist should be.

Kelie Hein, Atwater, CA

NO ONE HOLDS A CANDLE to Taibbi's ability to cut to the heart of the otherwise mysterious and convoluted tale of the U.S. economic implosion. I cannot thank you enough for the courage you and Taibbi have shown again and again in digging for the truth and presenting it with the angry fury it warrants. Taibbi's writing is like a duck: It glides along serenely, while beneath the surface it's kicking like a motherfucker! Keep on kickin', for all our sakes.

Matthew McGregor, Dallas

I LOVED VICTOR JUHASZ'S illustration of the bankers, who robbed us all and got away with it, as pigs. But isn't that a hugely unfair insult to pigs?

Marlen Beach
Kansas City, MO

The editors respond: The pigs will be all right. Have you seen how much Congress doles out in farm subsidies each year?

"Justin Bieber on your cover was presented as a Springsteen tribute: 'Darkness on the Edge of Puberty.'"

The Doctor Is In

RS IS AN UNUSUALLY FINE magazine, but your "Ask Dr. Ozzy" feature is deeply flawed. As a board-certified shrink, I know that some people who write in for advice are just jerking around, but many aren't. Giving professional advice is serious business and should be done carefully, wisely or not at all. It can be funny or clever, but not offensive or stupid, all of which Dr. Ozzy qualifies for.

Justin Simon, Berkeley, CA

Dr. Ozzy responds: Someone should drive this guy to the ER and give him a sense-of-fucking-humor transplant.

Contact Us

LETTERS to ROLLING STONE, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10104-0298. Letters become the property of ROLLING STONE and may be edited for publication.

E-MAIL letters@rollingstone.com

SUBSCRIBER SERVICES Go to rollingstone.com/customerservice
•Subscribe •Renew •Cancel •Missing Issues
•Give a Gift •Pay Bill •Change of Address

What They're Saying The buzz about "Another Runaway General"

OUR STORY BY MICHAEL HASTings ["Another Runaway General," RS.com, February 23rd], about the Army's illegal use of a team specializing in psy-ops to target U.S. senators, set off a firestorm. Within hours of its posting, Gen. David Petraeus ordered an investigation into the incident. Then the military struck back with what *Salon*'s Glenn Greenwald called a "smear campaign,"



including "personal attacks on Hastings." CNN's Anderson Cooper praised the story as "stunning"; MSNBC's Chris Matthews hailed it as "right out of *The Manchurian Candidate*." The ACLU called on Congress to launch its own inquiry, warning that "any effort to secretly and illegally manipulate elected officials" is "a shocking challenge to democracy itself."

DAR YASIN/AP IMAGES

StoreMags.com

WWW.GETOUTOFTHEGARAGE.COM

CONVERSE PRESENTS

GET OUT OF THE GARAGE MUSIC TOUR



FEATURING TOKYO POLICE CLUB & THE WHIGS

WITH THE GET OUT OF THE GARAGE WINNER BEAST MAKE BOMB

AUSTIN · LA · DC · SEATTLE · CHICAGO · NYC

GO TO JOURNEYS, GO TO A SHOW.

FOR MORE INFORMATION GO TO WWW.GET OUT OF THE GARAGE.COM

JOURNEYS Rolling Stone Guitar Center sonicbids CONVERSE

Make a $50 purchase of Converse shoes at participating Journeys and receive 2 tickets to the Get Out Of The Garage Music Tour. Gift with purchase at participating Journeys locations only. One set of tickets per customer. While supplies last. No substitutions. See www.getoutofthegarage.com for tour information and ticket locations. Go to a Journeys location to enter to win a trip to NYC to see Beast Make Bomb perform at a *Rolling Stone* LIVE private event. No purchase necessary. Void where prohibited. Some restrictions apply. Must be legal resident of the United States. See Journeys.com for Official Rules.

Stored1ads.com

Queen of Pop

Emmy® Winner **Edie Falco**

NURSE JACKIE

3/28 MON 10E|P

SHOWTIME®

BRACE YOURSELF

MA

Q&A: TRENT REZNOR Pg. 20 | PROFILE: DECEMBERISTS Pg. 34

Rock & Roll



BORN READY
Gaga records in her tour-bus studio.

Lady Gaga Returns With 'Major, Epic' Follow-Up

Inside the year's most anticipated release

LADY GAGA'S SELF-EMpowerment anthem "Born This Way" is already a Number One smash and one of the most successful singles of her career – but her ambitions for her second LP (due May 23rd) are way higher. "'Born This Way' is just the beginning of this album," Gaga promised in a recent interview. "It's certainly not even the biggest hit on the album."

Gaga spent the past year working furiously on new music between shows on her Monster Ball world tour, teaming again with *The Fame Monster* producers RedOne and Fernando Garibay. "It's a marriage of electronic music with major, epic, dare I even say, metal or rock & roll, pop, anthemic-style melodies with really sledgehammering dance beats," the singer said.

The second single, "Judas," is classic Gaga, with multiple hooks, a deep house beat and flirty lyrics about falling for a bad boy. Edgier industrial influences show up on "Hair," which pairs surreal inspirational lyrics ("I am my hair!") with gnashing Nine Inch Nails-ish beats. The torchy "You and I" shows the strong influence of her friend Elton John. "I just love her," says John, who's heard the album. "She's seizing her chance."

Then there's "Edge of Glory," an over-the-top power ballad featuring the E Street Band's Clarence Clemons wailing away on saxophone. "She told me, 'Just play from your heart,'" says Clemons. They ended up recording together until three in the morning. "It was a day I'll never forget," Clemons adds. "When I left the studio, it took me a few days to come down. What she does, man, it just blows my mind."

SIMON VOZICK-LEVINSON

SPRING MUSIC PREVIEW
Our guide to the season's hottest albums – featuring the Foos, Weezy, Kanye and more – begins on page 24.



Digital Music's Unlikely King

With hundreds of billions of spins, YouTube rules

By Steve Knopper

ITUNES AND PANDORA might get more attention, but the biggest player in digital music isn't even a music service. It's YouTube, which over the past six years has helped break pop superstars from Lady Gaga to Justin Bieber as fans clicked on music-related videos hundreds of billions (yes, billions!) of times, according to digital-

INDUSTRY

music analyst BigChampagne. "They're a gorilla," says Tom Corson, general manager of the RCA Music Group, which represents Kings of Leon and Christina Aguilera. Adds BigChampagne CEO Eric Garland, "It's without rival. YouTube is the number-one source for music in the world" – eclipsing even pirated downloads in terms of user numbers.

How did this happen? While iTunes remains the top music retailer, the NPD Group reported in August that nearly half of adults listen to music online for free, and 58 percent of those listeners get their songs via YouTube. "YouTube has become a Google for music," says a source at a major record label. "It's like using the radio." A recent study by Forrester Research illus-

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: COURTESY OF LADY GAGA VIA TWITTER.COM; ETHAN MILLER/WIREIMAGE; BRAD BARKET/PICTUREGROUP; STEVE GULLICK

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

Store.ES.com

trates a generational shift away from downloading and toward streaming – "digital natives," or fans ages 12 to 15, are much more inclined to use YouTube or other video sites when they want to hear a song than any other outlet.

Revenues are starting to catch up to YouTube's popularity – royalty payments jumped 200 to 300 percent over the past year, company officials recently reported. The major record labels make millions of dollars every month from YouTube, sources say, while music publishers make tens of millions every year from their combined song catalogs.

A key reason for that growth is Vevo, a joint venture between Universal and Sony that supplies YouTube with legal videos from top artists. Ad rates are significantly higher on Vevo – while YouTube pays out around $1 per 1,000 views, Vevo pays somewhere from five to 10 times that. "The payoffs we're now making [to music companies] are substantial, and we want them to be more substantial," says Chris Maxcy, YouTube's global music director. "That's our aspiration: to certainly help the music industry get to a point of stability. We would all love to see that. I'm not sure we're there yet."

But reps for artists complain they see little compensation this way – because royalties are split between the label, artist and publisher. Lady Gaga's "Alejandro" video may have generated more than 125 million views, but Gary Stiffelman, the singer's attorney until recently, calls the resulting royalty payments "meaningless." The economics of a viral YouTube video make more sense for independent artists, such as Nine Inch Nails and OK Go, who have lower overhead costs and don't have to share proceeds with labels. Plus, they can sell advertising directly to sponsors, as OK Go did recently with Samsung. Still, says Jamie Kitman, OK Go's manager, "It's truly the tens of millions of hits that get interesting – but even that's not enough to generate the revenue that selling 50,000 records would back in the day."

But these could just be the problems you'd expect from a new technology – as far as generating revenue for artists, labels and publishers, YouTube is still in its early stages. It was only six years ago that officials from the company approached top record executives, asking for content deals, and were met with skepticism. Universal Music Group slammed YouTube for copyright violation in 2006 – which left some observers wondering if legal action was next.

But over time, YouTube officials say, labels have privately become far more enthusiastic about making deals and authorizing content for use on the site. "Ultimately, this does drive many millions of dollars of revenue," says David King, a YouTube product manager. "They're still working with us. They wouldn't still be working with us if it wasn't trending in the right direction and making money."





SPIN CYCLE Dr. Dre's new video (left) got 12.5 million spins in two weeks. Bieber clips (below) have been played over a billion times.

Beach Boys to Unveil Lost 'Smile' Sessions

New box set will collect unheard material from the legendary unfinished album

The most famous unfinished album in rock & roll history is finally coming out this year, when Capitol/EMI releases *The SMiLE Sessions* – documenting the creation of the lost Beach Boys masterpiece. The project will be available as both a two-CD set and a deluxe box, and will include alternate takes, song fragments and studio banter drawn from more than 70 reels of tape recorded in 1966 and early 1967. "Their abandoned things tend to be better than most people's finished product, and this is the greatest example of that," says co-producer Mark Linett. "It's a unique chance to get a sense of the creative process." Beach Boys leader Brian Wilson ditched the album, which he called "a teenage symphony to God," due to anxiety problems, label disputes and arguments over the band's direction. (In 2004, he recorded a new version with his touring band, which will serve as a rough template for the track order of the new release.) "We got to the point where we were over our head," Wilson says. "We started to say, 'Wow, this is getting scary, we better put it on the shelf for a while.' Well, a little while turned into about 30 years." PATRICK DOYLE



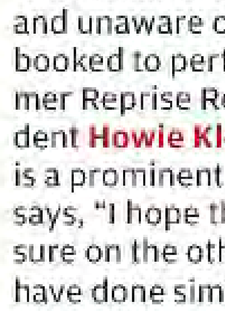


The Beach Boys circa 1970. Left: the original master tapes.

IN THE NEWS

Artists donate Qaddafi money after criticism

After ROLLING STONE reported that artists had been paid millions of dollars to play for the family of brutal Libyan dictator Col. Muammar el-Qaddafi, **Beyoncé**, **Nelly Furtado**, **Usher** and **50 Cent** all announced that they have donated the money they made to charity. **Mariah Carey**, who reportedly earned $1 million to sing at a 2008 New Year's Eve event, declined to specify whether she had given away her payment, but pointed to a long history of charitable works and said, "I was naive and unaware of who I was booked to perform for." Former Reprise Records president **Howie Klein**, who now is a prominent leftist blogger, says, "I hope this will put pressure on the other people who have done similar things."


Beyoncé

Yoko Ono's dance-floor domination continues

Lady Gaga, **Rihanna** and **Taio Cruz** might all be on *Billboard*'s Dance/Club Play chart, but Ono topped them all earlier this month with a remix of her 1972 tune "Move On Fast." "Those are all incredibly creative people on the chart with me," Ono says. "I respect Lady Gaga very much." The song was Ono's sixth consecutive Number One dance track – a streak she kicked off when club DJs remixed her classic "Walking on Thin Ice" in 2003. "I would love to be dancing every night until dawn," Ono says. "But somehow it's not conducive for my life right now."


Ono

Clapton raises millions at guitar auction

The black Fender Stratocaster Eric Clapton played during **Cream**'s 2005 reunion was among 75 guitars auctioned by Bonhams in New York on March 9th, raising $2.15 million for the guitarist's Crossroads rehab center in Antigua. A 1948 Gibson L-5P hollow-body got the highest bid at $83,000. In 2004, Clapton's legendary "Blackie" Stratocaster sold at auction for a record $959,500.


Clapton

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: LARRY BUSACCA/GETTY IMAGES; JOHN SHEARER/WIREIMAGE; MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES/GETTY IMAGES; CAPITOL/EMI

SOMESWEAR BY US. OTHERS SWEAR AT US.

A little loud. A little tangy.



ARE YOU MIRACLE WHIP?

Get a sample. Join the debate. miraclewhip.com

©2011 Kraft Foods

StoreMags.com

Trent Reznor

The alt-est Oscar winner of all time on Lollapalooza memories, the Beatles and Hollywood's big night

By Austin Scaggs



"I HADN'T WORN A TIE IN YEARS," SAYS Trent Reznor, who rocked an elegant Prada tux when he accepted an Academy Award for Best Original Score. "It was fun to put the snarling-guy-sweating-on-a-mic on the shelf for a while." Reznor stunned Nine Inch Nails fans in 2009 by announcing an indefinite hiatus for the band. Since then, with pal Atticus Ross, Reznor has kicked off an intense collaboration with director David Fincher – including the Oscar-winning score for *The Social Network* and music for the upcoming adaptation of *The Girl With the Dragon Tattoo*. Last year, Reznor and Ross released an EP with their new band, How to Destroy Angels, which also includes Reznor's wife, Mariqueen Maandig. (The couple had their first child, a son, last fall.) "Being in a band with my wife, I'm very aware of the multitude of ways that can go wrong," says Reznor, 45, promising a new Angels LP this year. "We're best friends and are interested in the same things, so it's natural to make music together. Taking my personality out of the spotlight and working in a more supporting role is what's exciting to me now."

The main musical theme of *Social Network* is titled "Hand Covers Bruise." Why?

I needed to come up with 18 names of songs in a day. I was faced with the task of "Let's not name it 'Mark Runs Across Campus'" [*laughs*]. When we were coming up with ideas of what the music would sound like, one of them happened to be called "Hand Covers Bruise," and it seemed to fit perfectly with that theme.

Did you expect to win?

You think, "I'm probably not going to win, but if I do win, I'd better not sound like an idiot." The anxiety builds. Then you realize you haven't eaten in 12 hours. And the camera's on you, maybe, at all times. "I need to pick my nose, but I can't risk it." Then you hear your name in slow motion. "OK, hug my wife. Don't trip over the cord. Why am I taking steps two at a time? I'm going to slip, but I can't stop. Oh, my God, there's Nicole Kidman, she's nine feet tall. Is the mic on?" It's over in a millisecond, and you're backstage with an Oscar in your hand.

This word gets thrown around a lot at the Oscars, but who do you consider a genius?

It's so obvious, but the Beatles. When I was growing up, the people who liked the Beatles, I didn't like, so I didn't pay attention to them. Around *The Downward Spiral*, I really started digging White Album-era Beatles, and it expanded outward from there. They were so far ahead of the game, it's just not fair. Also, Prince has been a huge influence, what he's able to do on his own.

Exactly 20 years ago, you were preparing for the first Lollapalooza tour. What are your most powerful memories from the summer of '91?

We got a video on MTV, we heard our song on the radio, and then I got a call saying, "Jane's Addiction wants you to play this new festival." At our first show, in Arizona, our set lasted one and a half songs. I remember seeing Living Colour's pro road cases straight from Guitar Center and shiny spandex outfits, and I had a powder-blue cable that my dad gave me for Christmas when I was 15. It was 110 degrees in Arizona and a cable melted and our show was over. I just ran back to the bus. There were better shows after that.

What music do you play for your son?

Mainly just piano: Bach, Beethoven and Mozart, a little Chopin. And recordings of womb sounds and clothes dryers to help him sleep. He will probably love David Lynch films. Right now the nursery sounds like *Eraserhead* [*laughs*].

You tweeted recently that you were watching old NIN footage, and it made you miss touring. When will NIN be back on the road?

My reason for stopping touring with Nine Inch Nails is that I needed to force my own hand to make myself do something different. [NIN] is comfortable to me, familiar. I like those songs, I like singing those songs, I like the energy onstage, but it's not as relevant to me as it was when I was 25. And there's an unspoken pressure to keep touring – that's the only way to make a living – but I look at David Bowie's fearlessness in changing and reinventing himself. That takes courage. [The hiatus] won't be forever. The urge to tour again, in some capacity, will break through in the next few years.

CHAZ MIELL/EP/PICTUREGROUP

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

ACURA
ADVANCE.

WAGON? SPORTS CAR? IT'S JUST SEMANTICS.

With 60.5 cubic feet of cargo space and 30-mpg-hwy fuel efficiency, it's ideal for enjoying an escape. And with agile handling and a high-performance engine, even more suited for making one. Introducing our new wagon and our newest sports car. The all-new TSX Sport Wagon.

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

22 city/30 hwy/25 combined mpg. Based on 2011 EPA mileage estimates. Use for comparison purposes only. Your actual mileage will vary. Learn more at acura.com or by calling 1-800-To-Acura. ©2011 Acura. Acura and TSX are registered trademarks of Honda Motor Co., Ltd. Closed course. Stunt-driving techniques used. Do not attempt.

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

HOT LIST



1 DROPKICK MURPHYS "Going Out in Style" video

Just in time for St. Patrick's Day, our favorite Boston brawlers offer a vision of the most awesomely rowdy Irish wake ever, complete with hot chicks, shots, a midget plumber – and bagpipes! If dying is this much fun, what are we waiting for? Pass the doughnuts, cigarettes and raw chicken. Yo, Elvis, hold the gates!



2 THE NATIONAL ▲ "Conversation 16" video

The first reader who can explain this cryptic geopolitical thriller of a video (starring *Mad Men*'s John Slattery) wins a lock of National frontman Matt Berninger's authentic Brooklyn beard. Anyway, great tune.



3 WIZ KHALIFA ▶ "The Race"

Have a little TLC with your THC – superstoned rhymer Wiz sets adrift on memory bliss with this easy, breezy New Age-y anti-banger. Pro tip: Put this on, crank up the hot tub and vape half of Humboldt County.



4 BRITNEY SPEARS "Till the World Ends"

What's better than catchy? Ke$h-y! Yup, Ke$ha wrote this robosexual jam, which turns Britney into an electronic effect. From jailbait to MILF-bot = artistic progress.



5 MIDDLE BROTHER Middle Brother

Supergroup alert! Well, not really – but even if it's just three dudes from bands your sister has never heard of, this disc is still pretty great. With the frontmen from Dawes, Deer Tick and the Delta Spirit belting boozy lyrics, this album is rootsier than Kunta Kinte and Pete Seeger sharing birch beer in Redwood National Park.

IN THE NEWS

'Spider-Man' director steps aside

Director **Julie Taymor** has given up day-to-day control of the epically troubled Broadway musical *Spider-Man: Turn Off the Dark*. **Philip William McKinley** (*The Boy From Oz*) will reportedly take the reins, while U2's **Bono** and the **Edge** will assume a greater role in the show's development, writing two new songs for the score. "I want it to be a smash hit," Bono told ROLLING STONE late last year, "especially with all of the people who want it to fail. I also think it's a very moving story. If we get the end right, I think people will be moved."


Bono

Monkees reunite for anniversary tour

The Monkees are hitting the road this spring to celebrate their 45th anniversary. Their last tour, in 2001, ended badly, due to tensions within the band. "I ticked the other guys off good and proper," says guitarist **Peter Tork**. He's now on better terms with **Davy Jones** and **Micky Dolenz**, but **Michael Nesmith** will not be joining them. "I haven't talked to him since 1997," says Tork.

Mumford & Sons to tour by vintage railcar

Mumford & Sons, **Edward Sharpe and the Magnetic Zeros**, and **Old Crow Medicine Show** will spend a week this spring traveling via vintage railcar to outdoor venues across the U.S., starting with an April 21st gig in Oakland. At least one car will be reserved for jamming together between stops. "It's an obvious opportunity to collaborate," says Edward Sharpe frontman **Alex Ebert**. Onstage, expect new tunes from Mumford & Sons and Edward Sharpe, who are both working on their next LPs. "We'll play a couple each night and see how they go," says Mumford & Sons keyboardist **Ben Lovett**.

Marcus Mumford

Rolling Stones LPs re-issued as HD downloads

Five early albums, including their debut and 1964's *12 x 5*, are now being sold as 24-bit high-res downloads from HDtracks.com. The rest of the Stones' ABKCO catalog will follow.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: NO CREDIT; KEVIN MAZUR/WIREIMAGE; MARK METCALFE/GETTY IMAGES; AMY HOBBS; RAMDEE ST NICHOLAS; AL PEREIRA/WIREIMAGE; JASON L. NELSON/ADMEDIA/NEWSCOM

Store.Egg.com



StoreMags.com - Free Magazines DoWnload in True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

SPRING MUSIC PREVIEW

Foos! Weezy! My Morning Jacket! Paul Simon! And 39 more of 2011's hottest albums



RIFF MASTER Dave Grohl recording in his California garage

Foo Fighters

WASTING LIGHT 4/12

FOR THEIR SEVENTH STUDIO ALBUM, THE FOO Fighters and producer Butch Vig had three rules: "It's got to be hooky, heavy and we're going analog all the way," says Vig, who first worked with Dave Grohl two decades ago on Nirvana's *Nevermind*. "It needed to sound like an atom bomb," adds Grohl. "That's why I called Butch." Last summer, the Foos set up in Grohl's two-car garage in Encino, California ("a ballad-free zone," says the singer), and hammered out face-melting riffs for tracks like "Back & Forth," "White Limo" and first single "Rope," which debuted atop *Billboard*'s rock chart. A few old friends helped flesh out the album's sound: Original guitarist Pat Smear is a full-fledged Foo again, Hüsker Dü's Bob Mould guests on "Dear Rosemary" ("I wouldn't be doing what I'm doing if not for Hüsker Dü," says Grohl), and Grohl's former bandmate Krist Novoselic plays accordion and bass on the disc's darkest tune, "I Should Have Known." "I know it's our best record," says Grohl. "It's definitive, like AC/DC's *Back in Black*, Metallica's Black Album or *Nevermind*. It takes that last 15 years and reduces it to 48 minutes. It's bitchin'."

AUSTIN SCAGGS

APRIL

The Kills

BLOOD PRESSURES 4/5

THE KILLS' PREVIOUS THREE discs were all amped, electric blues punk, but for the duo's fourth, guitarist Jamie Hince broke out a secret weapon: his very first acoustic guitar, a 1935 Gibson L-00 he bought last year. "With an acoustic, you tend to write songs, not riffs," he says. "This is blatantly obvious to anyone who's ever done it, but for me it was a fucking breakthrough." The resulting disc sets singer Alison Mosshart's wailing vocals against sleazy dub on "Satellite," sad Mellotron chords on "Wild Charms" and sampled ping-pong-ball percussion on "Heart Is a Beating Drum." They recorded over 12 months in rural Michigan, with sessions interrupted by a broken arm ("I got in a scrap," Hince says) and Mosshart's stint in the Dead Weather. Says Hince, "The longer you're in a band, the longer it takes to make an album."



The Kills' Hince and Mosshart

Robbie Robertson

HOW TO BECOME CLAIRVOYANT 4/5

ROBERTSON RETURNS WITH his first solo LP in 13 years, with many of the songs emerging from casual songwriting sessions with Eric Clapton almost a decade ago. The reflective, melancholy set – which includes electronic textures by Trent Reznor – is summed up by the title of a key track, "The Right Mistake." "I got that phrase from Thelonious Monk," says Robertson. "I heard him say that in music we're searching for the right mistake. I thought, 'Wow, I completely agree.' It also applies to life."

TV on the Radio

NINE TYPES OF LIGHT 4/12

THE BROOKLYN ART-ROCK crew took things slow while cutting its fifth LP at producer/multi-instrumentalist Dave Sitek's studio-equipped L.A. pad last summer. "In New York, time is money," says Sitek. "This time, we had a chance to process the music and make sure it came across right." The synth-heavy disc balances jittery, Talking Heads-ish cuts ("No Future Shock") with warm ballads ("You," the single "Will Do"). "Our slower songs tend to be like an epic journey," says Sitek. "We finally managed to make slow-jams that are concise."

FROM TOP: DON HOLTZ; DAVE M. BENETT/GETTY IMAGES

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

CIGARETTES

FREE LIGHTER

JOINUSAGOLD.COM

SIGN UP NOW AND CHOOSE YOURS.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. Offer good while supplies last. Limit 1 lighter per adult smoker. Hurry for best selection. USA Gold reserves the right to substitute for out-of-stock styles of lighters. Order by 5/31/11. Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery. Offer limited to adult smokers aged 21 and over. See online for complete terms and conditions.

USA GOLD

YOUR SPIRIT. YOUR SMOKE.

JOINUSAGOLD.COM

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

Fiorel.tgf.com

Panda Bear

TOMBOY 4/12

"I THOUGHT PLAYING GUITAR might force me to write different types of songs," says Noah Lennox. "And it did." While the Animal Collective mastermind's last solo album, 2007's acclaimed *Person Pitch*, was a harmony-filled blast of joy, his new one goes way darker. "I was struck by how intense it made me feel listening to it," says Lennox, who built the album's sound around warped-beyond-recognition guitars instead of samples. "It's heavy-sounding to me." It's also his most diverse work yet, pivoting from the aptly titled, almost medieval "Drone" to the Afropop-in-space of "Afterburner" to the hip-hop beat of "Slow Motion."

Steve Earle

I'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THIS WORLD ALIVE 4/26

"IT'S PROBABLY THE COUNTRIEST record I've done in a long time," Earle says about his 14th LP, recorded over six days in L.A. and New Orleans with producer T Bone Burnett. Highlights include "This City," a tribute to New Orleans written for HBO's *Treme*, and "Heaven or Hell," an ominous duet with wife Allison Moorer that he penned for Robert Plant and Alison Krauss' scrapped follow-up to 2007's *Raising Sand*. Says Earle, "It's not a song a husband and wife who want to stay married ought to be singing." Sonically, Burnett added way more reverb to Earle's growl than usual. "I was OK with surrendering control," says the singer. "I wanted to focus on writing the best songs I could."



ON FIRE Weezy's recording around the clock for his next album.

Lil Wayne

THA CARTER IV TBD

STARTING JUST DAYS AFTER HIS RELEASE from Rikers Island last November, Wayne has practically lived in Miami's Hit Factory studio. "We leased it for the whole year – every day, 24/7, so he can just go whenever," says manager Cortez Bryant. Wayne has already cut dozens of new tracks with help from stars including T-Pain and Kanye West. The schwingtastic "Wayne's World," a contender for the final track list, is three machine-gunning minutes of adenoidal wordplay topped with a triumphant hook. Weezy is confident that his dense, intricately crafted new verses will have the competition reconsidering their future. "There's a lot of *rapping* on this," he says. "I want other rappers to hear it and say, 'I quit. I better start making club songs.'"

JOSH EELLS

MAY

Stevie Nicks

IN YOUR DREAMS 5/3

A YEAR AGO, NICKS INVITED Eurythmics' Dave Stewart to her L.A. home – where they wrote seven of her new LP's 13 tunes together, drawing on classic Sixties pop for inspiration. "I had to keep asking Dave whether we were making a Beatles album," she says of tunes like "Everybody Loves You." Stewart compares the album's retro sound to "a festival in 1969." Adds Nicks, "This has been the best musical year of my life, honestly. And I've done lots of albums with Fleetwood Mac and solo records that have been fantastic."

Warren Haynes

MAN IN MOTION 5/10

"I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORward to doing this for years," the Gov't Mule/Dead/Allman Brothers singer-guitarist says of his new solo record, whose sound is steeped in the R&B and soul records of his youth. "I used to sit in my room and sing like Wilson Pickett, Smokey Robinson and Otis Redding." Cut in January 2009 at Willie Nelson's studio near Austin with members of the Meters and the Faces, the album emphasizes horns and organs as much as Haynes' trademark guitar solos, and the tunes tip their hat to solemn gospel ("Save Me") and barroom shuffles ("Hattiesburg Hustle").

Booker T. Jones

THE ROAD FROM MEMPHIS 5/10

AFTER ENDING A 28-YEAR hiatus in 2009 with an album where he was joined by the Drive-By Truckers and Neil Young, Jones enlisted the Roots as his sidemen for his next disc. "I had the best players in the world when I was in Memphis," says the former leader of the legendary Stax house band, the MGs. "Now I'm almost there again with the Roots." They recorded in New York throughout 2010 with producers ?uestlove and Rob Schnapf, plus guest vocalists including Lou Reed, the National's Matt Berninger and My Morning Jacket's Jim James, who wrote the uplifting "Progress." "His voice is so reassuring," says Jones.

Alison Krauss & Union Station

PAPER AIRPLANE 4/12

AFTER SEVERAL YEARS TOURING and recording with Robert Plant, Krauss is back fronting her platinum-selling bluegrass group. Recorded in Nashville starting in summer 2009, their first album in seven years includes heartbroken covers of Richard Thompson's "Dimming of the Day" and Jackson Browne's "My Opening Farewell." "I really wanted it to be just the five of us, so it's pretty stripped-down," Krauss says. "We all have different tastes, and our backgrounds show up in a wonderful way on this record."

PATRICK DOYLE



Krauss

FROM TOP: PETER YANG/AUGUST; FREDERICK BREEDON/GETTY IMAGES FOR NARAS

Unlimited done the way unlimited should be.

Now you can do the stuff your phone was meant to do. No data caps, no worries. Sprint's Everything Data Plan gives you unlimited text, Web and calling to any mobile in America. Get it all while on the Sprint network, starting at $69.99.

1-800-SPRINT-1 (1-800-777-4681) sprint.com/unlimited

Starting at

$69.99 */month*

Everything Data Plan with Any Mobile, Anytime™

*Other monthly charges apply.***

Unlimited text, Web and calling to any mobile in America while on the Sprint network. Off-network data usage cap applies. New lines of activation require a two-year Agreement.

Sprint

The Now Network™

WEB + TALK + TEXT UNLIMITED

Web, calling to any mobile and text. All while on the Sprint network.

ACSI American Customer Satisfaction Index™

Sprint is the most improved company in customer satisfaction across all industries over the last two years, based on the results from the 2010 American Customer Satisfaction Index.

****Monthly charges exclude taxes, Sprint Surcharges (incl. USF charge of up to 15.5% [varies quarterly], Administrative Charge [up to $1.99/line/mo.], Regulatory Charge ($0.40/line/mo.] and state/local fees by area). Sprint Surcharges are not taxes or government-required charges and are subject to change. Details: sprint.com/taxesandfees**

May require up to a $36 activation fee/line, credit approval and deposit. Up to a $200 early termination fee/line applies. **Everything Data:** Includes 450 Anytime Minutes/month. Additional Anytime Minutes: Up to $0.45/minute. Nights: Mon.–Thurs. 7pm–7am; Weekends: Fri. 7pm–Mon. 7am. Partial minutes charged as full minutes. Select phones require a $10 Premium Data add-on. **Any Mobile, Anytime/Unlimited Calls to Mobile:** Calling to any mobile applies when directly dialing/receiving standard voice calls between domestic wireless numbers as determined when the call is placed using independent third-party and Sprint databases. Only available with select plans while on the Nationwide Sprint or Nextel National Networks (excludes calls to voicemail, 411 and other indirect methods). **Messaging:** Includes text, picture and video for domestic messages sent or received. International messages sent or received from the U.S. are $0.20/message; from outside the U.S. $0.50/message. SMS voice messages may incur an additional data charge of $0.03/KB. **Data/Web:** Premium content/downloads (games, ringers, songs, certain channels, etc.) are additional charge. Texts to third parties to participate in promotions or other may result in additional charges. International services are not included. **Voice/Data Usage Limitation:** Sprint reserves the right, without notice, to limit throughput speeds, and to deny, terminate, modify, disconnect or suspend service if off-network usage in a month exceeds: (1) voice: 800 minutes or a majority of minutes; or (2) data: 300 megabytes or a majority of kilobytes. Prohibited network use rules apply. See sprint.com/termsandconditions for details. **ACSI:** Visit theacsi.org for more details on satisfaction index. **Other Terms:** Coverage is not available everywhere. The Nationwide Sprint Network reaches over 277 million people. The Sprint 3G Network (including roaming) reaches over 283 million people. Offers not available in all markets/retail locations or for all phones/networks. Other restrictions apply. See store or sprint.com for details. ©2011 Sprint. Sprint and the logo are trademarks of Sprint.

BEST BUY RadioShack FOCUS on driving

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag



TWO KINGS Jay-Z and Kanye in Las Vegas

Jay-Z and Kanye West

WATCH THE THRONE TBD

"MOS DEF USED TO TALK ALL THE TIME about how jazz musicians would just come together in a room and see what they came up with," says Kanye West. "Four songs, five songs, whatever – then they'd put out an album." Mos' history lesson is the inspiration behind *Watch the Throne*, a full-length collaboration between Kanye and Jay-Z recorded in studios from England to Australia. "It's nonarguable," says Kanye. "Me and Jay-Z are the two most influential rappers of the last decade, and we connect on all these different levels." Though their operatic single "H.A.M." fizzled on the Hot 100, Kanye predicts another critical masterpiece. "It's going to be way more awesome than *My Beautiful Dark Twisted Fantasy*. My skills are increasing."

AUSTIN SCAGGS

Brad Paisley

THIS IS COUNTRY MUSIC 5/24

"'AMERICAN SATURDAY Night' sort of was my *The Times They Are a-Changin'* album," says the country megastar. "But you can't make an album like that every time out." For the follow-up to his 2009 hit – which defied the conventions of right-leaning Nashville by hailing President Obama's election – Paisley is serving up a meat-and-potatoes celebration of his home genre. The title track, already a Top Five smash, pays tribute to the unflinching realism of country songwriting. "I'm very proud of the fact that this format is so on the nose," he says. "There's a sort of bravery in the fact that country songs deal straightforwardly – not metaphorically – with topics like cancer and patriotism and faith and divorce."

Death Cab for Cutie

CODES AND KEYS 5/31

SINCE DEATH CAB'S LAST LP, frontman Ben Gibbard got married to Zooey Deschanel, bassist Nick Harmer also got hitched, drummer Jason McGerr had another kid and guitarist Chris Walla moved from Portland to Seattle. New tunes like the sprawling single "You Are a Tourist" wrestle with the resulting feelings of transition, with analog synths and a string section taking the place of the band's usual folk-rock strums. "It's very 1970s electronic," Walla says. "We wanted to explore how bands used machines in the pre-computer era."

Danger Mouse and Daniele Luppi

ROME 5/17

PRODUCER BRIAN BURTON (a.k.a. Danger Mouse) and Luppi, an Italian composer, labored for five years on this heartfelt tribute to Italy's golden age of movie scores. They recorded in the title city with local musicians who served on films by master directors Sergio Leone and Dario Argento. "We did everything we could to capture the sounds as well as the spirit," says Burton, who recruited Jack White and Norah Jones as guest vocalists. "We did our homework well."

Owl City

ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL 5/17

ADAM YOUNG RETURNED TO his home studio in Owatonna, Minnesota, to cut the follow-up to 2009's platinum *Ocean Eyes*, once again playing most instruments himself. While tracks like "The Real World" and "Astronauts" recall his sugary electro megahit "Fireflies," Young also stretched musically, fusing digital pulses with acoustic country guitar on "Honey and the Bee." Other new tunes reflect post-fame experiences, like "Deer in the Headlights," which he says details "a bittersweet relational thing."

Ben Harper

GIVE TILL IT'S GONE 5/17

AFTER FIVE RECORDS WITH various bands, for his 10th disc, Harper assembled a broad range of solo material, from acoustic ballads ("Feel Love") to feedback-tinged rave-ups ("Rock N' Roll Is Free"). He recorded the set last year at Jackson Browne's studio – Browne sings harmony on one track, and Ringo Starr, with whom Harper has recorded and toured, played drums on two more. "It's the most Beatles-sounding song I've ever done," Harper says of the trippy "Spilling Faith," "but it has an actual Beatle on it, so I have license!"

Fleet Foxes

HELPLESSNESS BLUES 5/3

A FEW BUMPS HAVE TURNED UP on the road to the harmony-happy folkies' second album, including a fire scare at the band's Seattle studio and a week of recording scuttled by technical difficulties. But Fleet Foxes' biggest obstacle has been their own high standards. "I don't think we'll do a record with this level of scrutiny again, because I like records that feel a little more tossed off," says singer Robin Pecknold. "We just wanted to make sure we were happy with everything." Their meticulousness has paid off for fans: The contemplative lead single "Helplessness Blues," the eight-minute epic "The Shrine/An Argument" and the stirring album closer "Grown Ocean" all hum with an intensity that comes only through great care.

JOSH EELLS



Christian Wargo (left) and Pecknold in Seattle

FROM TOP: SETH BROWARNIK/STARTRAKSPHOTO.COM; SEAN PECKNOLD

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

storedmags.com

Nestlé
Good Food, Good Life



TASTE FOR YOURSELF.

For a free sample of all six varieties go to facebook.com/nescafeusa

NESCAFÉ®

Offer good in the U.S. only. Offer valid through 8/1/11 or while supplies last. Limit one (1) sample pack per person and maximum two (2) samples per household or address. Please allow 6–8 weeks for delivery. Offer may not be republished without written consent from NESTLÉ. Void where prohibited or restricted by law. NESCAFÉ® and TASTER'S CHOICE® are registered trademarks of Société des Produits Nestlé S.A., Vevey, Switzerland.

My Morning Jacket

CIRCUITAL
LATE MAY/EARLY JUNE

TRACKED MOSTLY LIVE IN A Louisville, Kentucky, church gym, MMJ's sixth studio album "came out sort of easy," says frontman Jim James. Songs such as the groove-driven "The Day Is Coming" and the delicate "Slow Slow Tune" give the record a more laid-back feel than 2008's *Evil Urges*. Drummer Patrick Hallahan delivers his most restrained performances yet, leaving more room for bassist Two-Tone Tommy to stretch out. "I would give them very simple demos," says James. "There's something so special about just playing in the room with everybody and letting it be what it's going to be."

SUMMER

Lenny Kravitz

BLACK AND WHITE AMERICA
SUMMER

"MY ROCK'S ALWAYS GOT SOME funk in it, and my funk always has some rock in it," says Kravitz, who cut his first disc since 2008 at his home studio in the Bahamas. Highlights include the seductive R&B jam "Super Love" and the raw "Come On Get It," on which Kravitz pants like a dog in heat. The title track is about the obstacles his parents endured as a mixed-race couple. "When they walked the streets, they were in danger," he says. "People would spit at them. Nasty shit. It's my story. And it's black and white America. It's who I am."



Simon strums in Connecticut.

Paul Simon

SO BEAUTIFUL OR SO WHAT 4/12

FOR HIS FIRST ALBUM SINCE 2006, SIMON HOLED UP in a guitar-crammed cottage on his Connecticut property and kept the songs and arrangements intentionally simple. "I didn't want to build the record too much," he says. "Once I put two or three guitars on, that was all." He tried out some new sounds, too: "Dazzling Blue" features a bluegrass vocal group, and the album includes Simon's first-ever use of sampling (see the bit of blues-harp great Sonny Terry on "Love Is Eternal Sacred Light"). "That opened up a whole new world," he says. "I like things that sound old and new at the same time." DAVID BROWNE

Blink-182

TITLE TBD SUMMER

BLINK'S FIRST FULL ALBUM since 2003 amps their bratty, supercatchy pop punk with new moves they learned during the years apart. "It's a great mix – huge stadium rock, punk and indie-rock elements, with drum-and-bass beats," says singer-guitarist Tom DeLonge. The self-produced set is still taking shape: DeLonge is laying down his parts in San Diego, while singer-bassist Mark Hoppus and drummer Travis Barker are recording in L.A.

Jane's Addiction

THE GREAT ESCAPE ARTIST
SUMMER

THE L.A. ALT-GODFATHERS are deep into some forward-looking sounds with the help of their new bassist, TV on the Radio's Dave Sitek. "He's like a scientist," says singer Perry Farrell. "It just keeps getting gnarlier and gnarlier." Produced by Rich Costey (Muse), the album will draw from about 20 potential songs. Adds guitarist Dave Navarro, "We're in a really good space creatively and emotionally."

Bon Iver

TITLE TBD JUNE

FRONTMAN JUSTIN VERNON DISCOVERED a problem when he sat down to work on his indie-folk project's second album. "Somewhere along the line, I forgot how to write songs," he says. So Vernon changed gears, working with studio musicians to build sounds instead of songs. The result is a collage of 10 tracks, each representing a place. Album opener "Perth" features a marching-band beat and wailing guitars. The disc closes with Vernon's favorite new tune, the horn-heavy "Beth/Rest." "It's the part where you pick up your joint and relight it," he says. EVAN SERPICK



Vernon records in Wisconsin.

ALSO RELEASED

Ray Davies
See My Friends **4/5**

Bob Dylan
Live at Brandeis **4/12**

The Feelies
Here Before **4/12**

Jessie J
Who You Are **4/12**

Emmylou Harris
Hard Bargain **4/26**

Bootsy Collins
Tha Funk Capital of the World **4/26**

The Airborne Toxic Event
All at Once **4/26**

Big Sean
Finally Famous **5/3**

Donny and Marie Osmond
Donny and Marie **5/3**

The Cars
Move Like This **5/10**

Levon Helm
Ramble at the Ryman **5/17**

Tinie Tempah
Disc-Overy **5/17**

Beastie Boys
Hot Sauce Committee Pt. 2
Spring

Lloyd
King of Hearts **June**

Dave Matthews Band
Live at Wrigley Field
Summer

Mary J. Blige
TBD **Summer**

Das Racist
Relax **Summer**

Dave Stewart
Blackbird Diaries
Summer

Dr. Dre
Detox **TBD**

Reporting by Steve Appleford, David Browne, Matt Diehl, Patrick Doyle, Josh Eells, Nicole Frehsée, Brian Hiatt, Stephen Rodrick, Jody Rosen, Austin Scaggs, Evan Serpick and Simon Vozick-Levinson

Album information and dates confirmed as of press time.

FROM TOP: KEVIN MAZUR; D.L. ANDERSON

StoredAds.com



FESTIVAL DE CANNES
Official Partner

STELLA ARTOIS

She is a thing of beauty

ALWAYS ENJOY RESPONSIBLY. ©2011 Anheuser-Busch InBev S.A., Stella Artois® Beer, Imported by Import Brands Alliance, St. Louis, MO

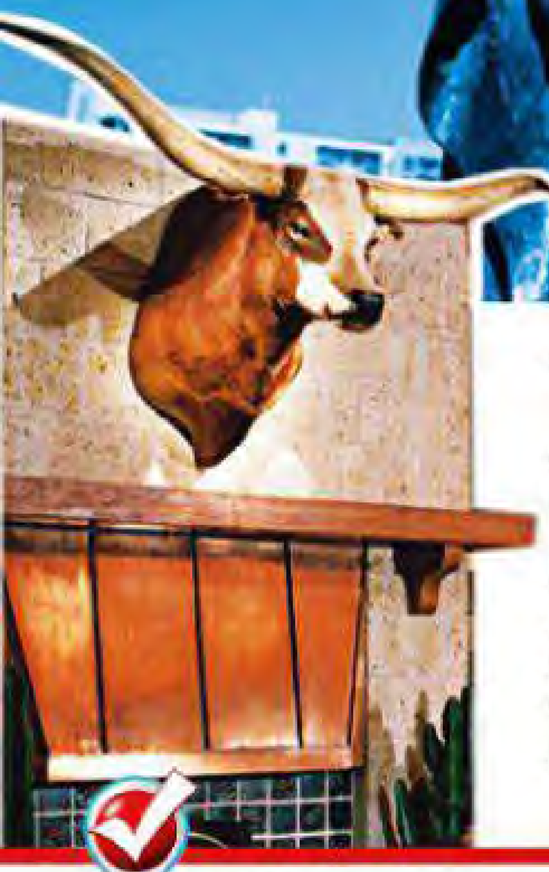
advertisement

TurboTax

presents

YOUR Ultimate Guide TO Austin

Let TurboTax guide you like a GPS to the best of Austin and your maximum refund.





With nearly 200 live music venues, you can always find something playing in Austin, the Live Music Capital of the World®. There are so many sites and sounds to experience, so TurboTax presents this quick and easy guide to help you navigate the best of this world-renowned music destination.

*Whether you're looking to rock out on Red River or stay up late in East Austin, a little guidance can help you make the most of your time. It's the same with your taxes. TurboTax will guide you like a GPS to the maximum refund you deserve. Try TurboTax Online now at TurboTax.com. Don't pay unless you're satisfied with the results.**

AUSTIN VISITOR CENTER

When you get into town head straight to the Visitor Center. The friendly staff will give you a plan to navigate the entertainment districts.

209 East 6th Street
(800) 926-2282
www.austintexas.org



CONTINENTAL CLUB

The Granddaddy of all local music venues, The Continental Club has enjoyed a coast-to-coast reputation for live music since 1957. If you enjoy this spot, you can head over to get your tonk on at The Broken Spoke and Ginny's Little Longhorn.

1315 South Congress Avenue
512-441-2444
www.continentalclub.com

ACL LIVE AT THE MOODY THEATER

The newly-opened, state-of-the-art live music venue will also serve as the new home of the KLRU-TV produced PBS program Austin City Limits, the longest running music series in American television history.

310 W. Willie Nelson Blvd
(877) 471-4225
www.acl-live.com

MOHAWK

Mohawk was built in 2006 as a one-of-a-kind bar and venue. A great spot to experience indie and punk, this club is driven by a tribe of Austinites who try everyday to bring something different to the table. Other must-visit spots on Red River include: Club Deville, Emo's and Beauty Bar.

912 Red River
512-482-8404
www.mohawkaustin.com





ANTONE'S

The first club on 6th Street, Antone's opened its doors in the summer of 1975. The venue, now located at the corner of 5th and Lavaca Streets, has hosted many blues "greats" and has won countless awards. Other venues to check out with a great history include: Stubb's, Cactus Café and The Driskill Bar.

213 W. 5th Avenue
512-320-8424
www.antones.com

ENTER TO WIN

Enter the "Your Ultimate Guide to Austin" Sweepstakes for the chance to win a trip for two to Austin, Texas. Visit rollingstone.com/turbotax today!

Open to residents of continental United States and Washington DC (EXCLUDING RESIDENTS OF HAWAII, ALASKA, OVERSEAS MILITARY INSTALLATIONS, PUERTO RICO, AND OTHER U.S. TERRITORIES) who are 18 years of age or older as of 1/14/2011. To enter, log onto www.rollingstone.com/turbotax and follow the registration and entry directions. No purchase necessary. Void where prohibited. ARV: $2,000. Number of Winners: 1. Sweepstakes begins at 9:00am EST on 1/14/2011 and ends at 11:59pm EST on 4/14/2011. Certain restrictions may apply. Complete Official Rules are available at www.rollingstone.com/turbotax.

*Satisfaction guarantee details on TurboTax.com

©2011 Intuit Inc. All rights reserved. Intuit, the Intuit logo, TurboTax and the TurboTax checkmark design, among others, are registered trademarks and/or service marks of Intuit Inc., in the United States and other countries.

StoreMags.com



TurboTax guides you like a GPS to your maximum refund.

Our mortgage interest deduction
$6,000

Our new storm windows credit
$450

Our donation deduction
$750

Refund
$2,298

Guidance that gets you where you need to be.

Let TurboTax show you the way to your maximum refund, guaranteed. Its unique EasyGuide™ feature helps guide you like a GPS to every deduction and credit you deserve. And calculations are guaranteed 100% accurate. Try TurboTax Online now at TurboTax.com. You don't pay unless you're satisfied with the results.

TurboTax
Choose Easy.

Amounts listed are estimates, based on typical consumer tax situations. Your results depend on your individual tax situation. Accurate calculations, Maximum refund money-back and Satisfaction guarantee details at TurboTax.com.

© 2011 Intuit Inc. All rights reserved. Intuit, the Intuit logo, TurboTax and the TurboTax checkmark design, among others, are registered trademarks and/or service marks of Intuit Inc., in the United States and other countries.



FIELD OF DREAMS Meloy, Conlee, Funk, Query and Moen (from left)

The Decemberists' Unlikely Pop Triumph

How rock's most literary band hit it big – and why they're hanging it up

By David Fricke

IT IS A WEIRD TIME TO be talking about walking away: only a month after the Decemberists' sixth album, *The King Is Dead*, debuted at Number One in *Billboard*. But singer-songwriter Colin Meloy is sitting in his music room – a converted garage next to his home on a steep wooded hill north of Portland, Oregon – explaining why his band will take a long break, possibly as much as three or four years, after its current tour ends this summer.

PROFILE

"From the outset," Meloy says, "I told the band and management, 'I want to make this record, because I like the songs. I want to tour, because I want to play them for people who like us. Then I want to do other things.'" He's got a long list. In September, HarperCollins publishes Meloy's debut novel, *Wildwood*, a story for young adults with illustrations by his wife, artist Carson Ellis. The couple have two more books under way, and an animated-film adaptation of *Wildwood* is in development. Also, for a few years, Meloy, 36, has been discussing a musical-theater project with Michael Mayer, director of the Broadway hits *Spring Awakening* and *American Idiot*.

"It would be different if I'd said, 'Let's see how this record does, and I'll decide if I pick up that book contract,'" Meloy says, noting that a Number One album "would be a huge boon then – 'Let's conquer the world.' That wasn't part of the plan." He pauses for a moment. "Nor do I have any interest in conquering the world."

In that case, he made the wrong record. *The King Is Dead* is the most immediately charming album the Decemberists – Meloy, bassist Nate Query, drummer John Moen, guitarist Chris Funk and multi-instrumentalist Jenny Conlee – have ever made. The 10 concise songs are loaded with echoes of Meloy's teenage obsessions, R.E.M. and the Smiths, and the introspective-country economy of early-Seventies Neil Young. During the sessions last year, in a barn on a farm south of Portland, co-producer Tucker Martine mounted a copy of Young's *Harvest* LP as a totem. "There was a romance about the process that appealed to us," Martine says. The Band were another guiding light. As Query puts it, "When in doubt, what would Levon Helm do?"

The result is a decisive swing away from hypnotically ornate records like the Decemberists' 2005 indie-label breakthrough, *Picaresque* – which climaxed with a long, bloody sea chantey, "The Mariner's Revenge Song" – and the 2009 album-length fable, *The Hazards of Love*, a Top 20 hit. A native of Helena, Montana, Meloy started the group in late 1999 after moving to Portland with a B.A. in English and plans to pursue a master's degree in creative writing.

"It's a perfect time to step away," says Colin Meloy after his first chart-topper.

Instead, he composed fantastical love stories and murder ballads, peppered with antique-English flourishes and set in a motley rock of British-folk textures, Eighties jangling-guitar melodrama and music-hall mischief. On top, Meloy – who once played Jesus in a Helena community-theater production of *Godspell* – sang in a magnetic, almost hysterical tenor. "Colin's got this overexcited, nearly unhinged vibrato," says singer Gillian Welch, who contributes backing vocals on *The King Is Dead*. "It lends real energy and effervescence to everything in the lyrics."

Meloy claims the Decemberists' straightforward buoyancy in new songs like "Down by the Water" and "Calamity Song" – both with authentic R.E.M. guitar by that band's Peter Buck – is "our natural form. It's what we did early on, except we liked challenging ourselves, toying with structure and having a sense of humor."

Buck, who lives in Portland and was an early fan of the band, agrees. "Colin could have done this record at any stretch of the way, but he had other things he wanted to do," the guitarist says. "This band was always sure of itself. They made whatever records they wanted, for whoever they wanted to reach. I see this album as a fulcrum. Now they can go anywhere."

Meloy describes the record differently, as "a crossroads. I

Photograph by CHRISTOPHER LAMARCA

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format
Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

don't know that I can go back to the long-form songs," he says. "That feels redundant. But to continue making records like *The King Is Dead*, which is going back to a more comfortable way of writing – that's not a good thing either.

"So it is a perfect time to step away," he contends. "When we do come back, it will make sense. I will hear a new voice."

ONE DAY, WHEN MELOY was a boy in Helena, he told his mother, Claudia, what he wanted to be when he grew up. "In elementary school, when people asked you that, I always said, 'I want to be an author, a writer,'" Meloy says. "Then I discovered music. I remember going up to my mom and saying, 'Do you think I could be a singer in a band?'"

Meloy laughs bright and hard at the memory. "She kind of hemmed and hawed. C'mon, your mom? It's supposed to be, 'Anything you want, you can do, dear.' I thought, 'Oh, boy, whatever I do, it's gonna be on my own muscle.'"

Later, Meloy – a stocky man with made-for-professor features, who refers to his own singing voice as "a bray" – wrote a song, "I Was Meant for the Stage," that appeared on the Decemberists' second album, 2003's *Her Majesty*. "That was my commitment – to become the personification of that aging thespian," he says. It was also a joke.

"I don't think any of us are likely candidates for a rock band," Meloy concedes on another afternoon at his place, with the rest of the Decemberists seated around a coffee table. "The song is about 'Oh, I was meant to be a star.'" He taps himself on the chest with mock bravado, to laughter from the others. "I wasn't really."

The son of a former Montana state legislator, Meloy comes from strong-willed stock. His ancestors – New Zealanders who came to Montana via Ireland, settling south of Helena in the late 19th century – "have always been pretty lefty," he declares proudly. Colin's grandfather Pete invented his own "weird pastoral religion," a love of the land called the Great Western Religion. "It had no rites or rituals," Colin says. "It was just his way of putting a label on his atheism." Colin's own version of that was writing "Fight homophobia" on the mortarboard he wore at his high school graduation.

"I really did long for the world," Meloy says of his adolescence in Helena and college days at the University of Montana in Missoula. He recalls poring over his mother's copy of *The New York Times*, "not reading anything but the ads for concerts – Depeche Mode at Radio City – and wishing I could be there." When Meloy moved to Portland and started the Decemberists, "there was an initial rush of songs about the ocean," he says, "because there was this reveling in being free from that landlocked world." Remembering his isolation there, Meloy has insisted that the Decemberists play in Montana on every tour.


Meloy onstage in New York in January

The group's debut EP, 2001's *5 Songs*, also featured one of Meloy's first, great outlandish fictions, "My Mother Was a Chinese Trapeze Artist." She was, in fact, a teacher. But he admits there is "plenty of stuff, stuff that is obviously first-person me" in his writing – even in what he calls "my occupation songs," such as "The Engine Driver," on *Picaresque*, and "Here I Dreamt I Was an Architect," on the 2002 album *Castaways and Cutouts*. "It's me trying on the identity, the career choice, as a label, with its environment and social rules and how those people want to break through them."

Meloy often brings new songs to the band in finished form, and the other Decemberists are frank and proud when they talk about the balance of power in the music. "We're good arrangers of songs," says Moen, who joined the band in 2005. "We know what the end goal is."

At his audition, when the group started playing "The Infanta," from *Picaresque*, Moen noticed Funk – who plays bouzouki and pedal steel as well as guitar in the band – "just standing there," doing nothing, for much of the song. "I thought that was awesome – these guys know when to play and when not to play."

"We fancy ourselves as sidemen," Funk explains. "We're like a studio band that found a great songwriter. If Colin's Jackson Browne, I want to be David Lindley. That was my dream, and I found him."

Funk, Query, Conlee and Moen all have families and side projects – the first three also play together in another band, Black Prairie – and say they are cool with Meloy's need for a break. "I did think it was unfortunate timing," co-producer Martine confesses, "after all the work they'd done to get to this point. But they've never done what seemed to be the obvious thing to do, if you want to be successful. There's a charmed force field around the Decemberists, just by virtue of the quality of the work."

"I have been, to a certain extent, looking for ways to work creatively without being on the road," says Meloy, who has a young son. "I continue to sit down and write. I'm just promising myself that I'll not rush it. I'll make writing songs a side job for a bit.

"It sounds trite, but we made this album," he says of *The King Is Dead*, "because I love the songs, and I thought people would like to hear them." He smiles at the suggestion that he sounds like a character in one of his own songs: the unlikely hero with a magical tune that enchants the world.

"But then he has no choice but to walk away," Meloy responds. "There would be some tragic flaw in there. In some ways, I'm not really able to capitalize on this success. My psyche would not allow it."

TRIBUTES


Rotolo and Dylan

Suze Rotolo

1943-2011

Suze Rotolo, Bob Dylan's girlfriend in the early Sixties and a key influence, died February 24th at home in New York of lung cancer. She was 67. Famous for the photo of her with the songwriter on the cover of *The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan*, Rotolo was the muse behind early love songs including "Don't Think Twice, It's All Right" and "Boots of Spanish Leather." Born in Queens to radical-lefty parents, Rotolo met Dylan backstage at a concert in 1961, when she was 17. "Right from the start I couldn't take my eyes off her," Dylan wrote in his memoir, *Chronicles*. They moved into an apartment in the West Village, and Rotolo's political activism inspired Dylan to write songs about the civil rights struggle. "I was working for CORE and went on youth marches for civil rights, and all that was new to him," Rotolo said in 2001. They continued dating through 1964, but Dylan's fame and his relationship with Joan Baez drove them apart. Rotolo, who later married and had a son, worked as an artist and teacher for the rest of her life. "The alliance between Suze and me didn't turn out exactly to be a holiday in the woods," Dylan wrote. "Eventually fate flagged it down and it came to a full stop." ANDY GREENE

Mike Starr

1966-2011



Mike Starr, the former Alice in Chains bassist whose long battle with drug abuse landed him on VH1's *Celebrity Rehab*, died March 8th in Salt Lake City of undisclosed causes. He was 44. Starr played on the grunge act's first two LPs – including the classic singles "Rooster" and "Man in the Box" – before leaving the band in 1993. Alice in Chains singer Layne Staley died of a heroin overdose in 2002. A.G.

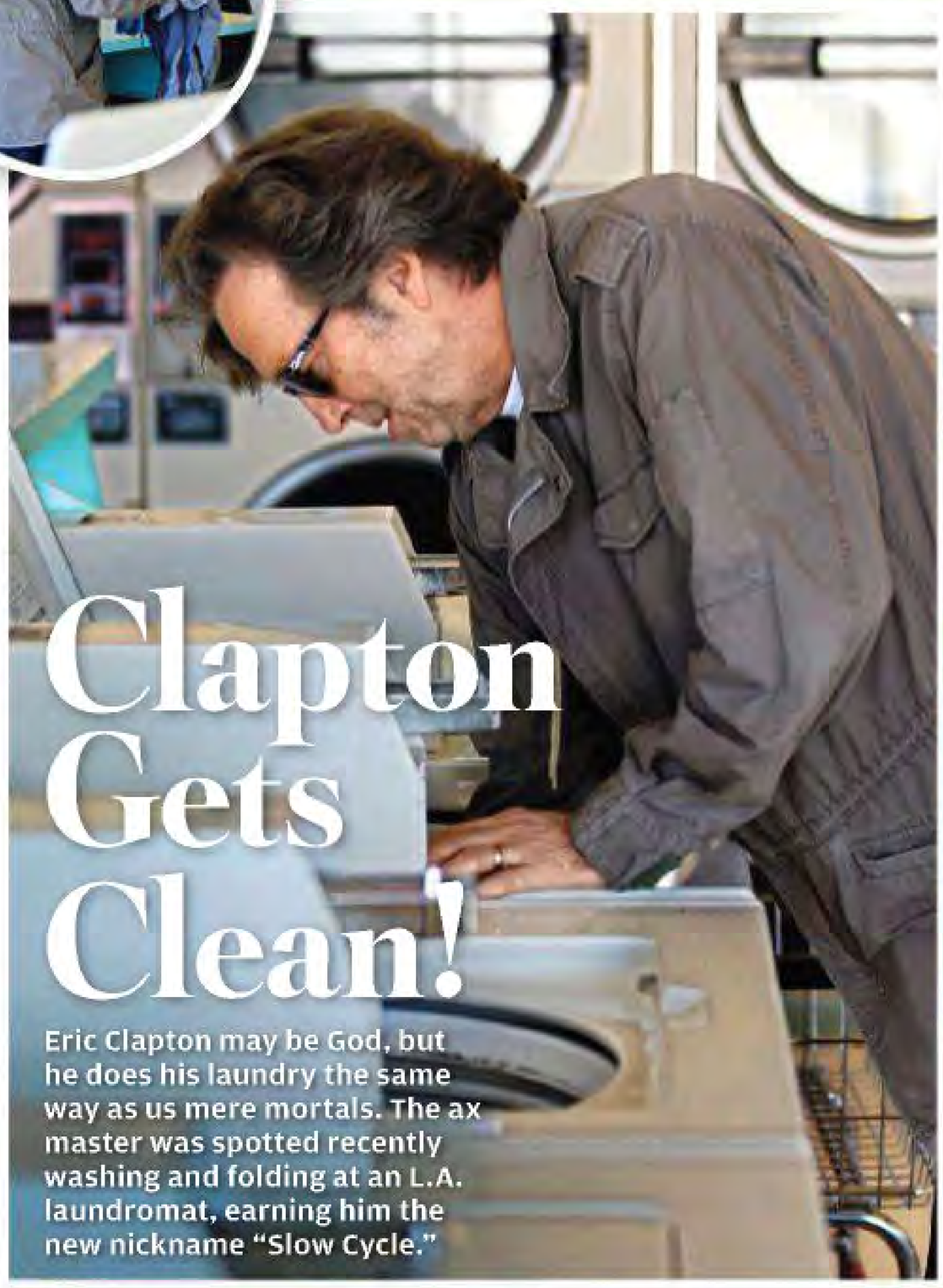
CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: ZANDY MANGOLD/RETNA/CORBIS; MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES/GETTY IMAGES; MARTY TEMME/WIREIMAGE

FloridaEGF.com

"I'm tired of pretending like I'm not a total freakin' rock star from Mars." —Charlie Sheen

Random Notes





Clapton Gets Clean!

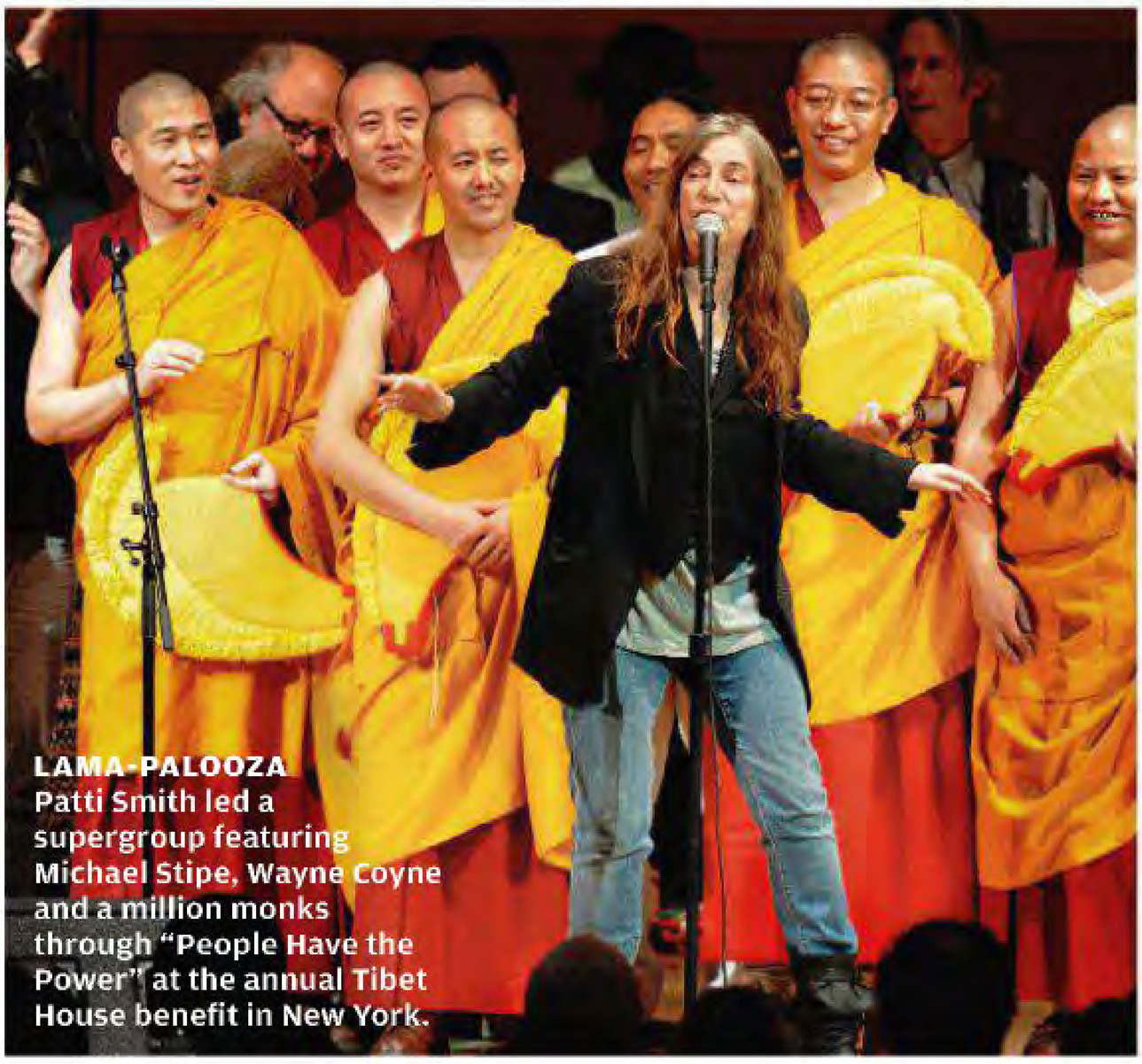
Eric Clapton may be God, but he does his laundry the same way as us mere mortals. The ax master was spotted recently washing and folding at an L.A. laundromat, earning him the new nickname "Slow Cycle."



BADFINGER
Justin Bieber goes punk! The Canadian badass upset gal pal Selena Gomez's delicate sensibilities by flipping off the pesky paparazzi in L.A.



AIRPORT LOUNGE ACT
With flights grounded in Buenos Aires, Cyndi Lauper calmed an angry mob with a peaceful, soothing a cappella rendition of "Girls Just Want to Have Fun."



LAMA-PALOOZA
Patti Smith led a supergroup featuring Michael Stipe, Wayne Coyne and a million monks through "People Have the Power" at the annual Tibet House benefit in New York.

Folk Hero

James Taylor has seen sunny days that he thought would never end, but he was even more stoked to receive the National Medal of Arts. President Obama, however, did not appreciate the singer-songwriter calling him "Sweet Baby Barry."



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: BEIMY/FU/WENN.COM; 2: DOME; MONTEROTTI/PACIFICCOASTNEWS.COM; PIKO PRESS/SPLASH NEWS; LARRY DOWNING/REUTERS; TRACY KETCHER



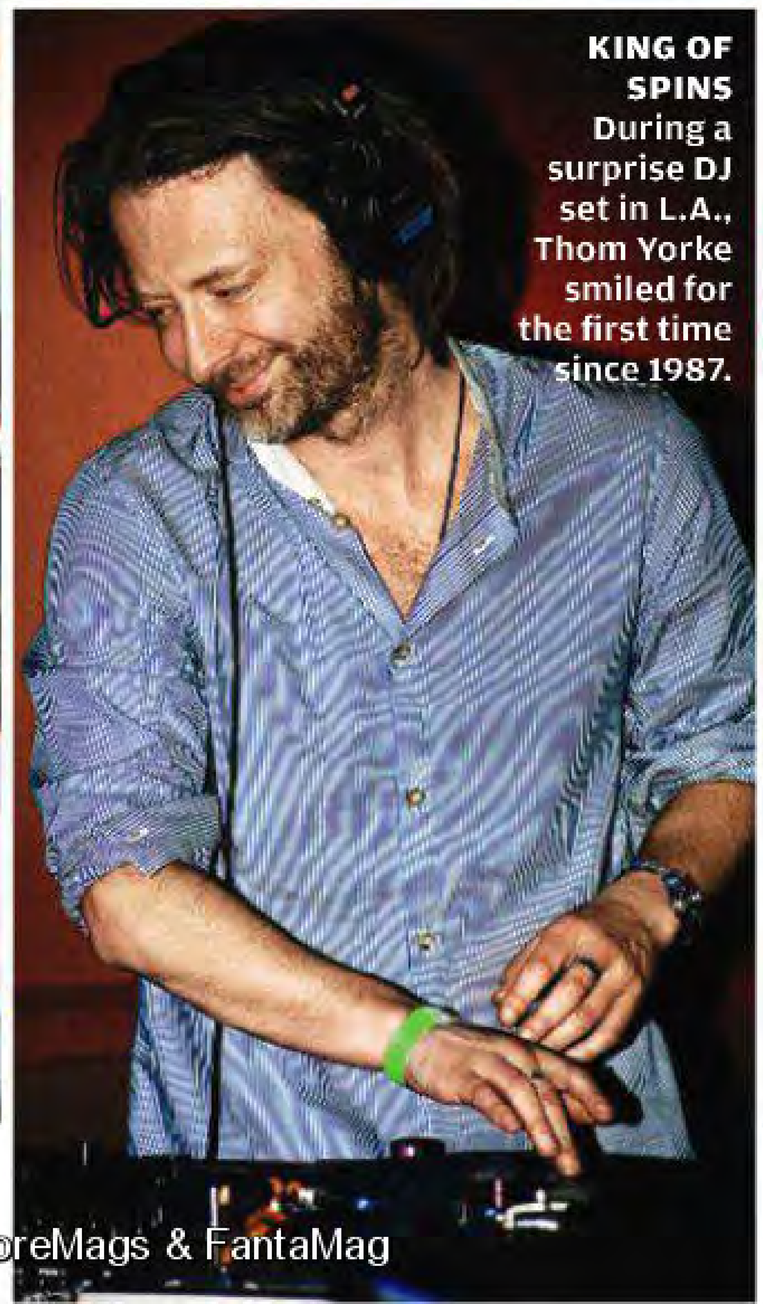
SOME GIRLS
Theodora "Daughter of Keith" Richards (left) was busted by the NYPD for scrawling graffiti on a SoHo convent – but nothing made Papa prouder than the cops allegedly finding pot and painkillers in her purse.



ZACK ATTACK
Former Rager Zack de la Rocha skipped cheerfully across the stage during a set in Melbourne with his band One Day as a Lion.



SIDESHOW
Deplaning from her private jet in Toronto, Lady Gaga risked catching a chill with this fabulous asset-flaunting ensemble.



KING OF SPINS
During a surprise DJ set in L.A., Thom Yorke smiled for the first time since 1987.



FAN-TASTIC!
Dressed as a mythical Zebra Smurf, Katy Perry chilled in Paris during Fashion Week.

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: CHRISTOPHER PETERSON/BUZZFOTO.COM; J.B. NICHOLAS/SPLASH NEWS; RICHARD SHARMAN/UPPA/ZUMA; TONY BARSON/WIREIMAGE; LEE SHAMER/KNOCKSTEADY.COM; O'NEILL/WHITE/INFPHOTO

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag



SHEEN'S CORNER Fired from his day job, the actor has taken to the Web to air his grievances.

Charles in Charge

Charlie Sheen may be a pathetic, self-delusional drug addict, but he's as American as apple pie and Captain Ahab By Rob Sheffield

LOOK, NOBODY FANTASIZES about being Charlie Sheen. You wouldn't trade brains with the guy, or kidneys, or crotches, or arrest records. What we fantasize about sharing is his delusions, his unkillable conviction that he's the shit, despite a 100 percent failure rate as a human being. That's how he became America's most beloved sitcom star for more than a decade, playing oafish party boys named Charlie on *Two and a Half Men* and *Spin City*. And that's why he's suddenly a bigger star than ever.

Staring failure in the face and calling it "winning" – that's the closest thing we have to an American religion. It's the native tradition, from Captain Ahab in *Moby-Dick* to Ron Burgundy in *Anchorman*. And if that's our religion, Charlie Sheen is our Vatican assassin warlock. Lots of us can look back on ruined lives, lost jobs, squandered fortunes. But to look back on it all and shrug, "I'm tired of pretending I'm not a total bitchin' frickin' rock star from Mars"? That's up there with Ahab threatening to strike the sun if it insults him.

Just think – until this year, none of us had ever heard him speak his mind. Who knew he was sitting on a verbal gold mine? He's like a volcano that's been dormant for years, until it suddenly erupts to spew tiger blood and Adonis DNA all over a grateful nation. Axed from his usual gig – blandly reciting his writers' bland jokes on *Two and a Half Men* – he has finally broken his silence, and it's turned into the performance of a lifetime, because he really is brilliant at this shit. His delight in language, his high-energy flair for catchphrases and neologisms – it's genuinely exciting, in a way that Charlie Sheen has never been.

The last time Charlie Sheen spoke to the world, it was at a press conference to promote his 1997 movie *Money Talks*. "You guys don't want to know about this crap," he announced. "You just want to know about the drugs and the whores." For the next 14 years, his handlers kept him pretty well-muzzled and away from a live microphone. But we all knew he was crazy, hence the jubilation over this coming-out party for the American celebrity machine's depraved unconscious.

Let's put his one-of-a-kind career into historical perspective. He came up at the same time as Tom Cruise, when they were the new beady-eyed beefcake bros in town. They both played Vietnam vets in Oliver Stone movies. They both seemed like likable lightweights: not too bright, but desperate to be taken seriously. One of them grew up to be batshit-loco Cocoa Puffs. The other turned into Charlie Sheen.

Sheen went from pompous actor to knowing self-parody in record time, jumping from films like *Wall Street* into the *Hot Shots!* franchise. In 2000, when Michael J. Fox quit *Spin City*, Sheen waltzed right into the lead role on a hit sitcom without paying any dues. Then came the break of his career, *Two and a Half Men* – washed up in the movies, he became even more famous playing a cartoon version of his already-cartoonish image.

His vices first became public knowledge in 1995, after the Heidi Fleiss bust. But while Fleiss landed on *Celebrity Rehab*, Sheen has made millions playing himself on sitcoms. When Whoopi Goldberg hosted the Oscars back in 1996, she joked about how many of the nominated actresses were playing hookers: "Sharon Stone played a hooker, Elisabeth Shue played a hooker, Mira Sorvino played a hooker. How many times did Charlie Sheen get to vote?" That was *15* years ago. Now James Franco can make the same joke at the Oscars and get the same laugh. Has anyone else ever had a 15-year reign as Hollywood's go-to man-skank punch line?

As Charlie says, "The run I was on made Sinatra, Flynn, Jagger and Richards look like droopy-eyed armless children." But those guys are actual stars, fantasy figures, the kind that people imagine being. Not Charlie. Maybe you dreamed about having sex with Denise Richards, but you didn't dream about marrying her, spawning a couple of kids, and bumbling through the relationship in a doped-out rage cloud. Nobody wishes they were a 45-year-old drug zombie with five kids and various ex-wives with their hands in his pocket.

No, it doesn't look like fun to be Charlie Sheen. But to have that much ego, for just one day? To look at total defeat and say, "Sorry my life is so much more bitchin' than yours – I planned it this way"? To rail against failure with fire-breathing fists? That's an American dream for sure. It's like Albert Camus said of Sisyphus, "There is no fate that cannot be surmounted by scorn." Charlie doesn't have much of a life, but he's got a supply of scorn that anyone can envy.

THE WATCH LIST

Celebrity Apprentice
Sundays, 9 p.m., NBC

This season has some real winners, like Meat Loaf, Dionne Warwick and Lil Jon, but any competition that sends Gary Busey onto the streets to throw pepperoni at people can't be all bad.

Must Love Cats
Saturdays, 8 p.m., Animal Planet

On this cat-porn road trip, musician John Fulton visits cat freaks and sings ballads to their kitties. It's like *Don't Look Back* with no drugs and way too much kitty litter. R.S.

USTREAM VIA CHARLIE SHEEN/PACIFICCOASTNEWS.COM

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

STEVIE WILLIAMS, SKATER, FOUNDER DGK

NEWERACAP.COM/FLAGBEARERS

© 2011 NEW ERA CAP CO., INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

FLY YOUR OWN FLAG™

NEW ERA

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

StoreKage.com

The Long Struggle and Neurotic Triumph of Howard Stern

By Neil Strauss ⁄ Photograph by Platon

The Happie

StoreMags.com

st Man Alive

"Do you have a big, thick penis?" Howard Stern asks a guest in his New York radio studio one recent Thursday morning.

The guest, unfortunately, is me.

The Howard Stern wing of the SiriusXM headquarters in New York is not just a corridor of offices and studios: It's a combat zone. As soon as you cross the threshold, you are fair game. Employees with audio recorders and video cameras roam the halls, tasked with providing 24/7 content. Meanwhile, writers and producers dash in and out of doors like a Warner Bros. cartoon, gathering clips, news, jokes and callers for the radio show.

Inside the studio, Stern sits, weary and all-powerful, on his self-made throne, surrounded by a massive three-sided desk, a mixing console littered with sheaves of paper and at least five computer monitors that all but block him from view. His support team is almost completely isolated from him: Sidekick Robin Quivers is encased in glass on the other side of the studio, while his longtime sound-effects man, Fred Norris, is hidden behind a partition on his left. His guests, meanwhile, sit unprotected on a red couch, vulnerable and flanked by Stern staff. Every element of the room has been designed to remind you that this is Stern's kingdom, and if you're not an adviser to the king, then you're his court jester.

I had come to the studio to observe the show, after which Stern would be conducting the Rolling Stone interview. But instead, I ended up as the jester, blitzed with question after question for over an hour until, finally, he had me divulging something to millions of listeners that I'd never even told my own girlfriend – and would take several dozen roses and apologies to recover from.

And that is one reason why, after 35 years of broadcasting, Howard Stern is no longer just at the top of his field, he is in a league unto himself. When he left FM radio for Sirius satellite radio in 2006, detractors said that he was dooming himself to popular irrelevance. But instead, five years later, Stern, at age 57, looms as large in the popular consciousness as he ever has. And this is not just because he has almost single-handedly helped Sirius grow its subscribers to something approaching his listenership on terrestrial radio, but because he has thrived so long, so consistently and so successfully as one of media's most powerful outsiders that he has become an elder statesman. The term "shock jock," which used to be synonymous with his name, now seems like a quaintly anachronistic misnomer for someone more famous and smarter than nearly every guest he interviews, for someone who can go on the *Late Show With David Letterman* and tell the host how to run his own show, and for someone who can sit in a room and improvise four hours of comedy four days a week. Stern and his entourage, which includes the Howard 100 News team dedicated solely to covering its namesake, can be heard all day, every day, not just on two SiriusXM channels, but on his own subscription-cable channel, Howard TV.

Is this narcissistic personality disorder elevated to an art form? "I've asked many times, and I never got a diagnosis," he says, sitting in his office after the show. Then he adds, laughing, "But I'll be the best goddamn narcissist on the planet."

And so it was that, late last year, the self-anointed king of all media renewed his contract with SiriusXM for another five years and an estimated annual salary of $80 million, tempted to carry on by an app enabling listeners to hear him on mobile phones and by the mission of molding his channels into talk formats that will outlive him. But behind those challenges was a fear: the fear of stopping when he's just getting started.

When people ask how you get such good interviews, you always say it's your odd curiosity. But I realized while you were interviewing me that it's also because you have a limited attention span.

You're 100 percent correct. The biggest criticism of my interviews is that I cut people off. I think my biggest asset is that I cut people off. It sounds like a contradiction, but the fact is you can't allow people to drone on. You are the orchestra leader. You are the one who is saying, "My audience wants something new. I gotta keep it fresh." I don't want my guests to bomb. My analysis is that a good interviewer not only asks the right questions but has sort of an inherent sense of what's interesting to this mass audience. And I don't know if you can teach that anywhere.

So how did you get it?

My theory on that is that I used to sit in my parents' living room, and they would call me in to do impressions. I used to do impressions of all the mothers in the neighborhood. I'd get them rolling with laughter. But sometimes – and this is a terrible thing to do to a kid – my father would literally say, "*Stop!* You're going on too long. Shorten it up! Make it interesting!" In order to get my own parents' attention, I had to tighten up the story. So I'm awfully paranoid about droning on too long.

Outside of worrying about boring the audience, are you interested in hearing other people talk about themselves?

I don't think I am. In my real life, I have a hard time having a conversation with anybody. I have little patience for sitting there and listening to people, and I barely know how to socialize. It's weird. But I know when I'm doing good radio. When they hit the right mark, I know it. I can feel it. But I'm not a guy who walks around interested. I don't necessarily want to be at a party listening to you.

And I felt during the interview like I was dancing on a hot plate to keep the ringmaster entertained.

When you got into your girlfriend being dry sometimes [during sex], that's when I knew I hit a home run. You hit it, but I brought you there. I knew the audience was going out of their minds. I could sense them all with us. And I did my job.

How much calculating goes on in your head as you do the show?

When that show is on, I feel like I'm calculating everything. It's maddening. After the show, I come back to my office, I do Transcendental Meditation and I pass out. My head is on fire. I am completely drained. I used to wash dishes for a living. That was so much more enjoyable, doing physical labor, using your body. I just had my buddies, and life was simple. This, you fucking obsess over. I'm telling you, I was driving myself batty during the show today.

"The curse is that I take it so seriously. I gotta know, do you think I did a good show and are you satisfied? That's the neurosis and that's the source of all problems for me."

Neil Strauss' *new book, "Everyone Loves You When You're Dead," is out now.*

PREVIOUS SPREAD: STYLING BY RALPH CIRELLA, HAIR BY TONI COBURN, MAKEUP BY SANDRINE VAN SLEE





Howard's World

(1) The Stern team in the 1990s: Gary Dell'Abate, Quivers, Norris and Jackie Martling (from left). **(2)** With his first wife, Alison, and parents, Ben and Ray Stern, in 1993. "I see my parents quite a bit," Stern says, "and they're terrific people and my biggest cheerleaders." **(3)** Stern's 1972 high school senior yearbook photo.

You kept looking over at me to see if you were being funny.

That was definitely going on, and I caught myself doing it as well. I realized I was watching to see your reaction to things. One person not laughing can make me insane, and there were a couple of times during the news where I thought I was really rolling, and I looked over and you were kind of just watching. You weren't laughing or anything. I went, "Oh, fuck, I'm not that funny today." It really fucked my head up.

There were parts that were really funny.

But I wasn't breaking you up. It was the worst feeling. I said, "Oh, stop looking over," but I couldn't stop myself. It's a horribly neurotic thing. In fact, I just signed this new contract with Sirius, but I really was considering leaving. I am sure, on some level, I enjoy doing the radio show every day. But the neurotic attention I devote to it and the inability to get rid of that insecurity is very fatiguing for me.

The curse is that I take it so seriously. I just can't walk out of here and say, "I did a good show today and I'm very satisfied." No, I gotta know, do *you* think I did a good show and are *you* satisfied? And that's the neurosis and that's the source of all problems for me.

That's why you can't connect to people, because if they're not talking about you or giving you feedback, you're not interested.

Because my own opinion doesn't matter. And why is that? Of course my opinion should matter, but it doesn't. Your opinion matters!

And because of that, you can pick up on what someone is feeling from cues that other people aren't even aware of.

The ability to interview people and read your subject comes from my mother being very demanding of me with one thing: that I should be able to read her mood and know what she wanted. I could look in my mother's eyes and know everything. When she was sad, when she was angry, what she was thinking. I was trained to make my mother happy. And I swear to you, when I sit there on the radio, I don't miss a trick because I'll study it. I count how many times you blink. You blink a lot, by the way. I watch everything.

If someone measured your brain-wave activity during the show, it would be interesting to see if your brain state changes.

Oh, my God! People who have seen me work – when I don't wear dark glasses and you can see my eyes – said my eyes go back and forth like a mile a minute. I said to my wife, "I'm in another zone." It's almost like my eyes roll into the back of my head, and four hours later, the show's over.

Do you ever fear your sharpness starting to deteriorate as you age?

Yeah, I guess I even questioned myself about signing a five-year deal. I go, "Gee, I wonder if I'm as quick or as sharp." And I think I am. When I'm done with this contract, I'll be 61 years old, and that sounds like the right age to leave. But who knows?

I noticed your studio is set up to keep you completely separated from everyone else.

I designed it that way. It's the perfect studio for me. My plan was to not interact with anyone or see them.

Are you highly critical of yourself?

We have that *Celebrity Superfan Roundtable* [during which Stern's famous fans discuss the show], and I was listening to it. It was so complimentary that my OCD kicks in and my neuroses, and I go, "Oh, my God, these people think I'm so good, and I'm going to have to get on the air Monday, and I'm not going to be able to do that for them again. And they're going to hate me." It's such insecurity.

One of the things you would think at this point in my life is that I would walk on *Letterman* as an elder statesman, someone who's been on the radio for 35 years and has done it all and really would not obsess about it. It drives me fucking crazy. I go nuts. You know, I'm in therapy now. I've been in it for some time. And I can't figure out why the obsession, like, why do I have to have everything perfect, why does it have to be the best appearance ever? The pressure I put on myself is horrible. It's excruciating. Everything is neurotic! And therapy has helped me with that.

In what way?

The goal is to walk off the *Letterman* show or walk out of my own show and go, "I really like the show today and what anyone else thought does not matter." Now, will I ever be able to do that? I doubt it. I wish I could. I hope before I die I'll walk out one day and feel that way.

Most people would think that a guy who spends four hours a day talking on the radio, the last thing he'd want to do is go talk about himself some more in therapy.

But it's not therapy. Talking on the radio is a performance. Even though it's pretty raw, what I do, and I do open up, it's still a performance. If you go to a therapy session, it's a whole 'nother level. It's been useful to me because I think it's just opened me up as a human being. I feel less like a detached robot. I actually feel human. I don't think I did before.

What made you start going to therapy in the first place?

Well, my first marriage was ending, and I was very confused by that. I knew there was a lot missing from my life: I was totally neurotic and sort of consumed with work. I took work as the most important thing and the only thing. I knew things weren't right, and I said, "Gee, where am I going

FROM TOP: WWOR/PHOTOFEST; SETH POPPEL/YEARBOOK LIBRARY; MITCHELL GERBER/CORBIS


1


2


3

Still the King of All Media

Stern just signed an estimated $400 million deal with SiriusXM that will keep him on the air through 2015. **(1)** With comedian Artie Lange, who was a sidekick on the show until January 2010, when Lange attempted suicide. **(2)** At his Sirius studio the first day he broadcast on satellite in 2006. **(3)** Sparring earlier this year with Letterman – he has been a frequent guest over the past 25 years.

to get some answers?" I had never been a guy to turn to religion, but then as my marriage was coming to an end, I needed help to explain it to my children and make sense of it all and communicate with them. Because once you are a divorced guy, being a father is a whole different bag.

What was the first session like for you?

It was really a very scary thing to me. I had never really opened up to someone. I never had conversations like that with another human being, let alone a man. And I never in a serious way thought about how I felt about anything. I was completely closed off from my feelings. . . . I remember I started telling him stories like I was on the radio, and I'm laughing, and he goes, "Why are you laughing? It sounds very important to me. It's very sad, some of these things you're saying."

Because the show keeps you busy all day, I'm sure it's a distraction from the work you need to be doing for yourself.

My therapist was actually making the point that, why can't you admit you enjoy doing the radio show, because I was really going to leave to just keep my own sanity. And he was like, "There's the side of you that enjoys this and needs it." Because if I'm really the guy who doesn't want to be connected to the audience that way, why am I suddenly tweeting? Here I have a chance to be on my own and I'm busy connecting with the audience. So there is a side of me that needs this connection desperately and needs this acclaim and needs millions of people listening to me.

But isn't that like an addict speaking about a drug?

It is an addiction. You hit it right on the head. It's an addiction to people. I'm a people addict.

Is the addiction people or the attention and acclaim?

That's what an addiction to people is: attention, acclaim, validation. I think all of that is operating there. It's desperate.

It's like sex addiction. There's a hole inside that's being filled with that attention. And as soon as it wears off, you need another hit or a bigger hit.

Sex addiction, people addiction, it's the same thing. You're really afraid to be on your own. Listen, how much sex do you really think you need when it comes down to it? It's not about the sex. After my divorce, I realized, "Oh, wow, I can go have sex." And I was running around, picking up women. Then all of a sudden, it dawned on me that I really didn't need that much sex. I just wanted somebody with me every minute. I was using women as a surrogate mother. When I tapped into that, it suddenly became very childish behavior. And really, was it so great fucking every night? They're using me for my fame, I'm using them for their beauty, and the whole fucking thing seemed empty.

Considering how much you seemed like this beast in a cage during your marriage, it was surprising that you didn't find the freedom satisfying.

It seemed more like a feeding frenzy than anything. I was in a frenzy. I had to grab everything and everyone. It was as if I was entitled to everything. I knew it was unhealthy: I'm not entitled to everything, I'm like everyone else.

I'm going to ask this only because you asked it to me on the air: How many people were you with in that period?

A lot. I was crazy. School nights are sacred to me. When I have the show the next day, I go to bed by 8:30, 9:00. And I was staying up until 10:00, 10:30. Yeah, real wild, man. I wasn't completely out of control. But for me, it was like I had to get a woman that night. I was single for a period of, like, a year, I guess. Honestly, I don't really know how many women, but it was a considerable amount of women.

Over a hundred?

No, no, no. I wasn't that much of an animal. But for me it was a lot.

So did you rush back into a relationship because you couldn't be alone?

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: JOHN BARRETT/GLOBE PHOTOS; SHANNON STAPLETON/REUTERS/LANDOV; NO CREDIT

Some of it is that. I never thought I'd want to be married again. I thought that dating a bunch of different women would be the way to go. Be like a bee and pollinate every flower, and who cares whose feelings get hurt. This is my time, and I'm gonna grab the spoils like Genghis Khan.

Do you remember the first person you were with and if that was a letdown?

No, it wasn't a letdown at all. It was amazing. Don't forget, I'd been a faithful husband for 25 years, and I wasn't the cheating type. And my marriage ending blew my mind. I was upset that I failed and let down my family, my kids, my ex-wife. It all was very painful. But as far as being with somebody new, it certainly wasn't unpleasant. It was kind of exciting, but at some point, it became like I was on autopilot. I don't know what I was doing: I wasn't thinking of myself as a human being who valued myself. This sounds crazy to a 17-year-old boy sitting in his room saying, "Hey, man, fuck everyone." But it wasn't what it was all cracked up to be.

In what other ways?

It seemed really bad when you were with somebody and you're not that into them. And you're saying, "OK, I'm done with you," and throwing someone out with the garbage. I mean, I don't know how guys do it. It's not fair. And sure, for any guy, of course, if no one's feelings got hurt and you could just fuck everyone, that's great, but it just doesn't work that way.

That's why the Charlie Sheens get prostitutes.

I'm too germ-phobic.

Also, for you, I think it's not about just getting your rocks off, it's about being desired.

That's the truth. Not feeling inside that you can value the radio show or the *Letterman* appearance you've just done, but you need that woman to value you in order for you to feel valuable. That's the saddest life. It's the worst kind of life.

It's interesting, you choose not to have this life, yet you sell it on the radio show.

It's funny that people's perception of me is that I'm some sort of wild animal when, in fact, I'm interested in interviewing the wild animal because I am so controlled. I'm fascinated by the out-of-control guy or exploring the porn star who has completely defied her family, her morality and values. And I'm like, "Wow, tell me about that. How do you get to that point? Part of what you're saying I kind of admire, but then again, you're destroying yourself too."

I sort of admire Charlie Sheen's ability to say fuck you to the world. It's a fascinating car wreck because, you know, how many people are in Hollywood dying for a hit television show? I don't know whether to give him a medal or to throw him in a loony bin. He doesn't care, and that's not me. Oh, I care! I care what my parents think, I care what you think, I care too much. In a way, I'm in as weird a place as Charlie Sheen. He doesn't care at all and I care too much. Where's the middle ground?

I'm curious to do an exercise with you. Do you have any paper?

Where do I have a piece of paper? [*Searches his office*] You'd think a guy who walks around writing dick jokes all day would have a piece of paper [*grabs a Post-it pad*]. Can I do it on one of these little fuckers?

That works. Now go back to when you were between the ages of three and 12, and draw a graph of your immediate family: your mom, your dad, your sister and you. Make the men triangles and the women circles, and position them on the paper in terms of how emotionally close you felt each person was to each other.

So here's me on the graph, and here's my father. Here's my sister and my mother, and here's my emotional closeness. [*He draws a triangle and a circle next to each other at the top of the paper, representing his parents. He then draws a circle representing his sister just below them. Then he draws himself as a tiny dot, all alone, in the bottom corner of the paper. As an afterthought, he draws a line connecting each shape – except his dot.*]

That explains everything right there. That's your disconnection from people and your view of yourself as an outsider. That's your emotional DNA.

You see, my father was very emotionally cut off from me. He worked long hours, got home at about 7:00 and left early in the morning. I don't ever remember my father in my entire childhood saying, "How are you feeling?" or "How are you doing?" My father had no interest. I had some really interesting experiences as a kid growing up in an all-black neighborhood, and no one thought to ask me how I was handling it. It didn't matter what I thought, even emotionally. My mother and I had many conversations, but most of them were about her, her upbringing, her development and how I could please her. And my sister is great, but we were never emotionally close. So I think that a lot of my inability to get close with people is based on all of that. I was always an outsider.

Usually people draw themselves the same size as everyone else, but you made yourself a dot.

Oh, I was. I did that intentionally. It's almost humiliating to me because that's what I felt like. Like there's these two big circles and a triangle, and I'm down here. Notice they're all joined together by a line and I'm outside of it.

It's sad to me, because I adore my parents. My parents are still alive and I see them quite a bit, and they're terrific people and my biggest cheerleaders. But when I was young, I was very misunderstood and I was put into a lot of dangerous situations that they didn't really look into.

In terms of?

If you look up the neighborhood I grew up in, it's horrendous. It's such a bad neighborhood, and it was so disturbing to be one of the few white families left in the community. And my parents never came to me and discussed it. You would think all of your friends moving away within a period of a year – every friend you ever had – would be something that might be open for discussion. And yet I never complained about it to my parents. I never allowed myself to feel anything about it. I still don't know what I feel about it. Why didn't I feel comfortable enough to say, "I can't handle this"? Why did I want to be a hero and a martyr to my mother and father?

"I admire Charlie Sheen. I'm in as weird a place as he is. He doesn't care at all, and that's not me. I care what my parents think, I care what you think. I care too much."

I think that's why now having the freedom to communicate freely and be heard is so important to you.

Yeah, maybe. It's weird. Until this day, I've only discussed this in therapy. I didn't become a racist because I said, "What's the difference, black or white, since whoever's in the majority seems to take it out on the other?" I certainly read in history of all the white mobs that would beat up black people and hang them and do terrible things. Suddenly I was caught up in just this. As people, we can all be so vicious. When I was in this community, at the drop of a hat someone could start yelling and screaming at you and you weren't sure why, and suddenly you're in a fight or being choked or punched – physically abused. The whole

thing is very confusing to me, but more confusing is the dynamic of the graph you had me draw because I don't know how, as a parent, I wouldn't say to my kids, "Listen, this is too much for you to bear."

But when you finally moved to a white neighborhood, the same thing happened and you couldn't blame it on race anymore.

It turns out it wasn't race, it was me! I was the awkward one. I was like, "Oh, black people hate me." Then I'm like, "Wait a second, white people hate me too." I felt more alienated than ever.

So you turned to radio, where no one could see you.

When I was starting out, I came to the revelation that if I was going to go anywhere in radio, I can't be playing records. I said, "I can't rely on the Beatles or the Rolling Stones to get me ratings. Every asshole can play those. But if what I have to say was important, no one can replicate that."

There was also more of an aggression and competitiveness to your early shows.

Radio was everything. I had to win – at all costs, no holds barred. Not to sound like Charlie Sheen, but losing was not an option. I put in a lot of work on it. I listened to every show back on tape. I spent thousands of hours editing tapes, writing commercials, incorporating sound effects. I spent endless days and nights thinking about this and nothing else. . . .

You know, I was watching Charlie Sheen's really interesting attempt at radio the other night, and the first show was sort of a train wreck, which Charlie even admits. And I said, "Oh, if I could have only produced that!" He had so many good things he could have done. Like, as I'm watching it, my mind is clicking, going, "Take the two girls, give them a lie-detector test. All right, call the press in and do your own press conference. Call up three of the madams, offer the girls money to come in, and the first whore who gets to the house wins $15,000." Boom, boom, boom. And you start to say, "Oh, my God, you can structure a show around all of this madness."

What are the plans for the next five years of your show?

I haven't really specified. When it came down to sort of figuring out what I was really after, I was pretty sure I was going to leave the radio. I thought I'd kind of done what I needed to do. I still enjoyed it, but I also found that I wanted time to do some other things. Right now, my schedule is pretty much the same as it always has been. And then as time rolls on, I'll probably do about three shows a week. I've been doing this for such a long time, and getting up at this time in the morning never gets easy. You never get used to it. The alarm went off this morning, and it was as if it was the first day I was doing it.

Do you ever want to bring guests on the show who are more in line with your current personal interests?

Well, sometimes, but I have to keep in my mind what type of show I'm doing and who my audience is. For three years I became obsessive about chess, so I would have had every chess expert on and blown out my entire audience. I became so obsessed with it that I pushed everything else to the side and treated chess like a job. Now I've stopped completely because I really needed to shift focus. Now my focus is a little bit of photography. I recognize that some things are just my things. I'm a quiet guy who can read books on organizing. I'm fascinated by organizing. I'll think about organizing all day. Now who the fuck wants to hear a show about organizing?

"There is an anger inside of me. Once in a while, I can douse it with some water, but it just never goes away. I don't know if you ever get rid of that."

It's interesting how your hobbies are things like chess and photography, which, like radio, are about interacting and connecting with people but through the safety of another device that serves as a barrier.

That actually makes sense to me, because I definitely want to connect, but I don't want to connect fully. I want interaction but at a safe distance. I can only get so messy with people.

Because it's difficult for you to deal with other people's emotions?

That's right. You know, a lot of times it feels like too much of a burden. That's a part of my personality that I've actually been working on changing, and perhaps coming in a little bit closer. But for the most part, I think it's really accurate. I tend to choose things that keep me at a distance.

It does seem like you've befriended more of your guests and other people now than in the past.

Yeah, I have. That's a conscious decision on my part. I notice when I'm able to break through my fear and hesitancy and create some friendships, it really feels good. I missed a lot of that by not fully being human. It's hard, because I'm the first one to tend to shut down. I'm the type of guy who will invite you to my home and then all of a sudden I'll be angry you're at my house, like, "When can I be by myself?"

You're one of the most honest guys in media, yet there are certain areas of your life that you don't go into on the air.

I try to be really open and honest about the things I'm comfortable with. But some things, I'm not comfortable with. I was never really that comfortable discussing my divorce with the audience. My ex-wife isn't a bad person. She's a really good person and we have three great children, and that is such a private matter for me. If it was my matter alone, I would discuss it, but there are other people involved.

There are ways that it can be shared without bringing her into it, like discussing your own pain.

Yeah, absolutely. Divorce was so theoretical to me because no one in my family had really been divorced. My parents have been together for a million years. So this was all new to me. I was with my ex-wife since college, so it felt like such a failure. My children took it so hard. It's so complicated, and it's hard for me even to figure out at this point what went wrong and how things that were so good could go so bad. It's tough. I think I'll spend the rest of my life trying to analyze that.

So you still don't know the actual reasons behind the divorce?

No. I mean, I think I do. It fell apart for a lot of different reasons. It's just too fucking complicated. It's so raw and so personal. I'm so fucking honest that I'd rather just say to you, "I can't talk about it because I don't feel comfortable being this honest." I don't want to give you some bullshit.

I'd rather hear that than something that's not true.

It just sucks. I've had friends say it's as simplistic as "You were together too long." And I go, "No, I don't think that's accurate." I think there were a lot of stressors, especially with what I did for a living. And, man, you can really lose your mind. I'm pretty sure I was very confused.

Are there mistakes you made in your first marriage that you want to avoid in your relationship this time?

Oh, yeah, absolutely. In many ways, my marriage now is so easy, but I'm also aware that I could fuck things up very easily. I could start getting more into my work, and ignoring what's important to Beth. I'm awfully narcissistic, and I have to keep that in check. I can't be like King Tut sitting

Free Magazines Download In True PDF format
StoreMags.com

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag





Private Parts

(1) Stern, a health and fitness fanatic, jogging in Central Park. **(2)** With wife Beth Ostrosky, whom he married in 2008.

there and expect to be taken care of, because so many times we can turn our wives into mothers. Things changed when we got married. Not so much between us, but the way people treated her. Everyone before was like, "Oh, are you Howard Stern's blond bimbo that hangs out with him?" But suddenly, when we were married, it was like, "Oh, this is Howard's wife." And that was important to me. Part of the reason I got married was that I wanted Beth to understand how important she is and also how equal I feel she is to me.

Since your divorce, you also talk about your kids less on the air.

When they were younger I did, and I brought the kids on the air. As they got older, I'd say to them, "Are you interested in coming on the air?" I'd figure they'd want to go into radio or television or something. But no, they don't have that desire. They don't see it as an attractive thing to get on the air and discuss their lives. None of them are looking for the limelight.

Your daughter who was acting, she isn't pursuing that anymore?

No, she's not pursuing acting anymore. In fact, she's studying religion now. Very serious about it. One of my daughters lives in San Francisco. She's working in the school systems there. My youngest daughter is going off to college. They're all very good students. I'm very proud of them. They're great kids, but, again, it's their lives and they're not comfortable being spoken about. So as good as some of the things that have happened in my life with my children are, in terms of radio material, I found somehow the strength to say no to that, and not be the guy who has to expose himself all the time.

At the same time, you broke through in the Eighties and Nineties by saying yes to exposing things when your instinct was to stop yourself.

I was a slug, and I was down in the mud. I felt very defensive. I had to do whatever I had to do to make a living, and I would tear the fucking head off of anyone who got in my way. And now I'm more comfortable with my place and what I've done. I don't feel as threatened by anybody else. I have a really nice friendship with Jimmy Kimmel. Years ago, I could have had a friendship with anybody in show business, and I didn't, because everyone was a competitor. Someone would say something about me, and rather than consider it, I would just blow up and start screaming, which to me is boring. Now that I look back on it, I wouldn't approach it that way. I would really stop, take a breath and go, "OK, what are they saying? Is there any truth to it? And why am I afraid to respond to it?" Now I'd be more likely to really deal with it in a more honest way. That's more interesting radio than the knee-jerk I'm gonna scream and yell and just fight.

The other thing you don't go into on the air is money and your lifestyle.

I get uncomfortable about that. Maybe because I can be so envious of money and power and fame and stuff that I'm sensitive to the guy who doesn't have it.

On air, you talk about your house on Long Island instead of the Hamptons. Is it because you want to be relatable?

I'm very self-conscious about it because I grew up on Long Island, but I never heard of the Hamptons. Where I lived, it wasn't the beautiful Long Island; it was horrible. And there's a part of me that still feels connected to the guy who doesn't have that stuff. . . . I never got into it for money, so I became uncomfortable when all of a sudden there was a shift where I was now in the business section as opposed to the entertainment section.

What do you do with the money?

I'm very conservative. I'm not a guy who spends a lot of money on himself. I don't think it's a cheapness; it's just a respect for money. I got that from my father. I have stocks. I have some bonds. That's it. I'm not very sophisticated about that. I've read horrible things about people who make money and go out and buy an entire wardrobe and never wear the stuff. They buy crazy things, multiple cars.

The other thing you haven't discussed much are your feelings about Artie Lange.

It's OK to bring that up. . . . Finding Artie was a great joy. But Artie's demons got ahold of him, and I'm probably the last one to really have realized what he was going through. To me, Artie was coming in and doing his job and he did it so well that I really didn't think he had a problem. Toward the end, I got it. You'd have to be blind not to see it. But I'm not a drug guy, really. Early in my life, I took drugs, but I'm very naive about it. Maybe I just wanted to have blinders on, I don't know.

In fact, we were due for a vacation, and Artie took a few days off beforehand because things were getting really bad for him. He was getting into a real depression. And you know what happened: He tried to kill himself. I've spoken to Artie a couple of times, and I think he's going through a real big struggle right now. The reason I don't bring up his struggles on the air is that I feel, again, it's a private family matter for Artie. I really feel kind of dumb that I didn't pick up on the signals. And Artie has even said to me recently that he would be willing to come on the show and explain what happened and stuff, and I don't even feel strong enough within myself or that I'd be doing the right thing by him, because I don't want to do the wrong thing for Artie. I just want Artie to stay alive.

While there are some things you don't discuss on the air now, at the same time you're a lot more open-minded than you used to be.

You know, people have said to me, "Gee, your show has gotten better. It seems multidimensional." I think it is because I am actually curious about [*Cont. on 76*]

FROM LEFT: CHRISTOPHER PETERSON/BUZZFOTO.COM; LANDOV

SlordKags.com

BROTHERS FROM ANOTHER PLANET

HOW SIMON PEGG AND NICK FROST TURNED THEIR NERD ROMANCE INTO COMEDY GOLD

BY JONAH WEINER PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS HEADS

Pegg (left) and Frost, stars of *Shaun of the Dead* and *Hot Fuzz*, have teamed up again for the alien-road-trip movie *Paul*

TWO THOUSAND FEET ABOVE LONDON, SIMON PEGG IS GIGGLING.

He and Nick Frost, his longtime pal and comedic collaborator, are in a helicopter en route to a racetrack. The pair have been invited to take a lap around a track for a segment on the popular BBC series *Top Gear*. The track is 42 miles southwest of London, and to get Pegg and Frost there in style, *Top Gear* furnished them with their own personal chopper. "This is how we roll," Pegg says, a goofy grin undercutting his mock nonchalance.

Helicopter rides, car racing – the day is shaping up to be a boy's wet dream, and Pegg, 41, and Frost, 39, are just the kind of boys to appreciate it. From their 2004 zombie comedy, *Shaun of the Dead,* to cop-flick spoof *Hot Fuzz* in 2007 to their new film, *Paul* – about two alien-obsessed buddies who befriend a stoner extraterrestrial voiced by Seth Rogen – the pair have become Britain's foremost comedic miners of arrested development, playing a string of overgrown teenagers: comic-book fanboys, PlayStation drones and generally lovable losers deeply afraid of any girl not named Leia. Pegg and Frost are celebrities at home and cult heroes in America, where geek kings like Quentin Tarantino, J.J. Abrams and Steven Spielberg adore them: Spielberg cast the duo in the upcoming *Tintin* epics, and Abrams cast Pegg in *Mission: Impossible III* and as Scotty in the *Star Trek* reboot. *Paul* – a road-trip movie set in the American West, populated by North American funny people like Rogen, Jason Bateman, Kristen Wiig and Jane Lynch, and buzzing with references to *E.T.*, *Alien* and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* – is both a love letter to the United States, whose pop culture has entranced Pegg and Frost since adolescence, and their attempt to establish themselves as Hollywood stars.

Contributor JONAH WEINER *wrote about the electronic-music producer Deadmau5 in RS 1124.*

Frost is nervous. This is his first time in a whirlybird. The overweight Farley to Pegg's lanky Spade, Frost isn't above poking fun at his burly physique. A former rugby player, he jokes that he's happy with his body from his pecs up and his thighs down. As the helicopter shudders and rumbles, Frost clutches a handle on the wall so tightly that his fingers start turning white. "What do my boxer shorts and this helicopter have in common?" he asks over the intercom. "They both have skids."

Pegg, up front next to the pilot, starts the flight playing it suave. As we ascend, his voice crackles out over our headphones: "The last time I was in a helicopter, I was in Dubai shooting *Mission: Impossible*, and we landed on the Burj Al Arab" – one of the tallest hotels in the world. Frost and the pilot agree that this sounds pretty badass. But when we reach our flying altitude, Pegg takes a look at London, miniaturized below, and all suaveness goes out the window. With a series of delighted giggles, he reaches into his jacket, plucks out his iPhone and begins to snap pictures.

He takes shots of the landscape, but mostly he takes shots of Frost. "Nick, move to your right a bit," he says. Snap. Pegg swipes through his photo library, decides on an image and tweets it. "Awesome."

"WE SLEPT TOGETHER THE NIGHT BEFORE HE GOT MARRIED," FROST SAYS. "SIMON WAS NERVOUS, SO WE HAD A FEW DRINKS AND WE GOT INTO BED AND WATCHED A MOVIE."

IF YOU ASK SIMON PEGG NICELY, he will show you his hairy nevus – or, rather, the scar where his hairy nevus used to be. Hairy nevi are dark birthmarks that sprout fur, and until his teens, Pegg had one the size of a quarter on his forehead. As a little kid, he "assumed it to be cool," he says, but eventually he became self-conscious, smoothing down his bangs to cover up the nevus so that other kids wouldn't make fun of him. Finally, a doctor sliced off the thing altogether.

In a way, the story of Pegg's success plays like the story of the hairy nevus in reverse: He's a card-carrying nerd who has come to care less and less about looking cool as he's gotten older, wearing his nerdiness proudly and turning it into a lucrative brand. "Today, nerdiness has been hegemonized," he says, pointing to the blockbuster comic-book movies. The title of his memoir, due later this year, is *Nerd Do Well*, and the cover is a photograph of Pegg in a white dinner jacket – an elegant image disrupted by the wad of tape holding his eyeglasses together.

Pegg was raised middle-class, the son of a civil-servant mom and a jazz-musician dad, in the southwest county of Gloucestershire. "It's an old port town where nothing much goes on," Pegg says. "The only other famous person from Gloucestershire is a serial killer." Pegg acted in youth theater, getting a taste for a crowd's adulation, but the event that "changed my life," he says, was the 1977 release of *Star Wars*, when Pegg was seven. He collected *Star Wars* figurines and kissed a picture of Princess Leia every night before he went to bed. (When *The Phantom Menace* came out in 1999, Pegg bought a plane ticket to New York for "a couple grand" for the express purpose of seeing the film two months before it hit U.K. theaters.)

Star Wars stuck with Pegg at the University of Bristol, where he wrote a thesis about "Marxism and consent" in cinema, reading Vietnam anxiety into George Lucas' vision of moral absolutes. Today, Pegg remains all too happy to expound on the subject: "You had people seeing all these amoral characters – Travis Bickle, Michael Corleone, Bonnie and Clyde – and you're hearing about GIs shooting babies. Then *Star Wars* comes along and says, 'There's good. There's evil. It's going to be all right.' I think it's Baudrillard who talks about infantilism: this soothing return to the

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag







Plan Nerd From Outer Space

(1) Frost and Pegg were roommates long before their hit *Shaun of the Dead*. **(2)** Their new movie, *Paul*, is a homage to American sci-fi. **(3)** With their wives, who endure the duo's friendship.

childhood state of ignorance." He delivers this erudite talk the way a cool professor might – confidently, casually. He says his film-theory background helps him when he's working on scripts: "I know there are great tracts of Oedipal confusion in *Shaun of the Dead*" – in which the hero shoots his zombified mother in the face with a shotgun – "and it's fun to put those kinds of things in."

Nick Frost is not the type to pepper conversation with references to Baudrillard. When he met Pegg, Frost – who comes from a rough-and-tumble working-class East London neighborhood – waited tables at a Mexican restaurant alongside Pegg's then-girlfriend. "When I met Simon, I had a street confidence that's always gotten me out of trouble," Frost says. "Simon didn't have that. We shouldn't have liked one another. I should have beat him up and nicked his lunch money. But I had a massive love of *Star Wars* and *Indiana Jones* and comic books and other things the rugby team would have teased me about."

At the time, Pegg had translated his interest in the theater into a fledgling stand-up career. A comedian with a cerebral, absurdist bent, he would bring a goldfish onstage, recite poetry and tell jokes from the fish's perspective. He was a hit on the Bristol comedy circuit, and quickly landed a London agent. Frost was a sort of amateur stand-up too, regularly cracking up his restaurant's mostly African cooking staff with bits delivered in snatches of their native tongue. "I remember doing a gig entirely in Ugandan to seven chefs in the kitchen," Frost says. "Simon came by and watched." "He had them all screaming," Pegg recalls. "And this was me coming from Bristol and not knowing if it's OK to call people 'black.'"

Pegg encouraged Frost to try comedy professionally, and the two became roommates – and bedmates. "At first he was on a mattress next to my bed," Frost says, "and at some point he'd get in and we'd sit up and read a big book. Then it'd be like, 'Stay in, don't go down there!' We never thought about it. It's like you go to your aunt's house and your cousin's there. We're still like that. We slept together the night before he got married. I was his best man and he was nervous, so we had a few drinks and we got into bed and watched a movie."

Pegg, discussing his love of the bromance, onscreen and off, says, "Guys are so uptight about masculinity being diminished by affection. The minute that starts to be undermined, things get interesting."

Pegg landed a few TV roles, and in 1999 he co-created *Spaced*, an English sitcom about twentysomethings deferring adulthood – smoking weed, cashing unemployment checks and making comics. He drew tons from his own experience living with Frost, and cast him in a supporting role. *Spaced* constantly broke into surreal pastiches from *Resident Evil* to *Pulp Fiction* to *The Shining*, setting the hyper-referential tone for *Shaun of the Dead*, which pays winking tribute to the horror *oeuvre* of George Romero, and its follow-up, *Hot Fuzz*, a whip-smart action spoof.

Edgar Wright, who directed *Spaced* and went on to direct and co-write *Shaun of the Dead* and *Hot Fuzz*, says of Pegg and Frost, "They've got this chemistry you can't duplicate, because it comes from being so close before they started working together." They have a relatability, he says, not always found in British humor. "You actually want to get a drink with their characters, but you'd never want to get a drink with David Brent," Wright says, referring to Ricky Gervais' repugnant boss from the original *Office*.

It's a good point: Pegg and Frost don't participate in their national comedic tradition of obnoxious antiheroes, a category that goes back to John Cleese's Basil Fawlty. "Our characters are losers, but they're not objectionable," Pegg says. "They don't alienate their audience. The British temptation is to stifle emotion and to hide sentimentality. But I grew up on a diet of American entertainment, so I like that warmth and sentimentality."

Frost calls himself "a lot darker" than Pegg. In the past decade, several people close to him have died of things ranging from cancer to alcoholism: "Where people think I'm gonna be a jolly fat man, those things have made me not that. If Simon had written *Paul* himself, there'd be a bunch of fairies dancing on Stonehenge. If I'd written it myself, the characters would befriend a tumor" – "A talking tumor!" Pegg interjects – "and then we'd all get cancer and get squashed by the 'henge collapsing," Frost finishes. "Nick is more willing to stray into . . . inky waters," Pegg admits.

"Yeah," Frost says. "I did a thing once with a producer who was a bit of a willy. We'd been working all day, and he said, 'Do something wacky!' We were in a car and I was being filmed, and [*Cont. on 76*]

StoreMags.com – Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: UNIVERSAL PICTURES; WILSON WEBB/UNIVERSAL PICTURES; DAVE HOGAN/GETTY IMAGES

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

StoreMags.com

HOW TWO STONER KIDS FROM MIAMI BEACH BECAME BIG-TIME ARMS DEALERS — UNTIL THE PENTAGON TURNED ON THEM

BY GUY LAWSON

THE E-MAIL CONFIRMED IT: EVERYTHING WAS FINALLY back on schedule after weeks of maddening, inexplicable delay. A 747 cargo plane had just lifted off from an airport in Hungary and was banking over the Black Sea toward Kyrgyzstan, some 3,000 miles to the east. After stopping to refuel there, the flight would carry on to Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan. Aboard the plane were 80 pallets loaded with nearly 5 million rounds of ammunition for AK-47s, the Soviet-era assault rifle favored by the Afghan National Army. ✪ Reading the e-mail back in Miami Beach, David Packouz breathed a sigh of relief. The shipment was part of a $300 million contract that Packouz and his partner, Efraim Diveroli, had won from the Pentagon to arm America's

HIGH ON WAR
David Packouz (left) and Efraim Diveroli at a gun range near Miami. One of the illegal shipments of ammo they supplied to the Afghan army (below).

THE DUDES



Store Mags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

allies in Afghanistan. It was May 2007, and the war was going badly. After six years of fighting, Al Qaeda remained a menace, the Taliban were resurgent, and NATO casualties were rising sharply. For the Bush administration, the ammunition was part of a desperate, last-ditch push to turn the war around before the U.S. presidential election the following year. To Packouz and Diveroli, the shipment was part of a major arms deal that promised to make them seriously rich.

Reassured by the e-mail, Packouz got into his brand-new blue Audi A4 and headed home for the evening, windows open, the stereo blasting. At 25, he wasn't exactly used to the pressures of being an international arms dealer. Only months earlier, he had been making his living as a massage therapist; his studies at the Educating Hands School of Massage had not included classes in military contracting or geopolitical brinkmanship. But Packouz hadn't been able to resist the temptation when Diveroli, his 21-year-old friend from high school, had offered to cut him in on his burgeoning arms business. Working with nothing but an Internet connection, a couple of cellphones and a steady supply of weed, the two friends – one with a few college credits, the other a high school dropout – had beaten out Fortune 500 giants like General Dynamics to score the huge arms contract. With a single deal, two stoners from Miami Beach had turned themselves into the least likely merchants of death in history.

Arriving home at the Flamingo, his sleek condo with views of the bay, Packouz packed the cone of his Volcano, a smokeless electronic bong. As the balloon inflated with vapors from the high-grade weed, he took a deep toke and felt the pressures of the day drift away into a crisp, clean high.

Dinner was at Sushi Samba, a hipster Asian-Latino fusion joint. Packouz was in excellent spirits. He couldn't believe that he and Diveroli were actually pulling it off: Planes from all over Eastern Europe were now flying into Kabul, laden with millions of dollars worth of grenades and mortars and surface-to-air missiles. But as Packouz's miso-marinated Chilean sea bass arrived, his cellphone rang. It was the freight forwarder he had employed to make sure the ammunition made it from Hungary to Kabul. The man sounded panicked.

Contributing editor GUY LAWSON *wrote "Osama's Prodigal Son" in RS 1097.*

"We've got a problem," he told Packouz, shouting to be heard over the restaurant's thumping music. "The plane has been seized on the runway in Kyrgyzstan."

The arms shipment, it appeared, was being used as a bargaining chip in a high-stakes standoff between George W. Bush and Vladimir Putin. The Russian president didn't like NATO expanding into Kyrgyzstan, and the Kyrgyzs wanted the U.S. government to pay more rent to use their airport as a crucial supply line for the war in Afghanistan. Putin's allies in the Kyrgyz KGB, it seemed, were holding the plane hostage – and Packouz was going to be charged a $300,000 fine for every day it sat on the runway. Word of the seizure quickly reached Washington, and Defense Secretary Robert Gates himself was soon on his way to Kyrgyzstan to defuse the mounting tensions.

Packouz was baffled, stoned and way out of his league. "It was surreal," he recalls. "Here I was dealing with matters of international security, and I was half-baked. I didn't know anything about the situation in that part of the world. But I was a central player in the Afghan war – and if our delivery didn't make it to Kabul, the entire strategy of building up the Afghanistan army was going to fail. It was totally killing my buzz. There were all these shadowy forces, and I didn't know what their motives were. But I had to get my shit together and put my best arms-dealer face on."

Sitting in the restaurant, Packouz tried to clear his head, cupping a hand over his cellphone to shut out the noise. "Tell the Kyrgyz KGB that ammo needs to get to Afghanistan!" he shouted into the phone. "This contract is part of a vital mission in the global war on terrorism. Tell them that if they fuck with us, they are fucking with the government of the United States of America!"

PACKOUZ AND DIVEROLI had picked the perfect moment to get into the arms business. To fight simultaneous wars in both Afghanistan and Iraq, the Bush administration had decided to outsource virtually every facet of America's military operations, from building and staffing Army bases to hiring mercenaries to provide security for diplomats abroad. After Bush took office, private military contracts soared from $145 billion in 2001 to $390 billion in 2008. Federal contracting rules were routinely ignored or skirted, and military-industrial giants like Raytheon and Lockheed Martin cashed in as war profiteering went from war crime to business model. Why shouldn't a couple of inexperienced newcomers like Packouz and Diveroli get in on the action? After all, the two friends were after the same thing as everyone else in the arms business – lots and lots and lots of money.

"I was going to make millions," Packouz says. "I didn't plan on being an arms dealer forever – I was going to use the money to start a music career. I had never even owned a gun. But it was thrilling and fascinating to be in a business that decided the fate of nations. Nobody else our age was dealing weapons on an international level."

Packouz and Diveroli met at Beth Israel Congregation, the largest Orthodox synagogue in Miami Beach. Packouz was



"REALLY IN THE BIG TIME"
Diveroli (left) and Packouz at Eurosatory, a Paris arms show. There they met with Heinrich Thomet, a Swiss arms dealer who served as their middleman. "He was a real-life Lord of War," recalls Packouz.

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

 Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

older by four years, a skinny kid who wore a yarmulke and left his white dress shirts untucked. Diveroli was the class clown, an overweight kid with a big mouth and no sense of fear. After school, the pair would hang out at the beach with their friends, smoking weed, playing guitar, sneaking in to swim in the pools at five-star hotels. When Packouz graduated, his parents were so concerned about his heavy pot use that they sent him to a school in Israel that specialized in handling kids with drug problems. It turned out to be a great place to get high. "I took acid by the Dead Sea," Packouz says. "I had a transcendental experience."

Returning home, Packouz drifted through two semesters at the University of Florida. Short of cash, he studied massage because it seemed like a better way to make money than flipping burgers. Nights, he sat around with his high school buddies getting high and dreaming of becoming a pop star. He wrote angsty rock ballads with titles like "Eternal Moment" – but it was hard to get a break in the music industry. With a shaved head and intense blue eyes, Packouz was plenty smart and plenty ambitious, in his slacker fashion, but he had no idea what to do with his life.

Efraim Diveroli, by contrast, knew exactly what he wanted to be: an arms dealer. It was the family business. His father brokered Kevlar jackets and other weapons-related paraphernalia to local police forces, and his uncle B.K. sold Glocks, Colts and Sig Sauers to law enforcement. Kicked out of school in the ninth grade, Diveroli was sent to Los Angeles to work for his uncle. As an apprentice arms dealer, he proved to be a quick study. By the time he was 16, he was traveling the country selling weapons. He loved guns with a passion – selling them, shooting them, talking about them – and he loved the arms industry's intrigue and ruthless amorality. At 18, after a dispute with his uncle over money, Diveroli returned to Miami to set up his own operation, taking over a shell company his father had incorporated called AEY Inc.

His business plan was simple but brilliant. Most companies grow by attracting more customers. Diveroli realized he could succeed by selling to one customer: the U.S. military. No government agency buys and sells more stuff than the Defense Department – everything from F-16s to paper clips and front-end loaders. By law, every Pentagon purchase order is required to be open to public bidding. And under the Bush administration, small businesses like AEY were guaranteed a share of the arms deals. Diveroli didn't have to actually make any of the products to bid on the contracts. He could just broker the deals, finding the cheapest prices and underbidding the competition. All he had to do was win even a minuscule fraction of the billions the Pentagon spends on arms every year and he would be a millionaire. But Diveroli wanted more than that: His ambition was to be the biggest arms dealer in the world – a young Adnan Khashoggi, a teenage Victor Bout.

To get into the game, Diveroli knew he would have to deal with some of the world's shadiest operators – the war criminals, soldiers of fortune, crooked diplomats and small-time thugs who keep militaries and mercenaries loaded with arms. The vast aftermarket in arms had grown exponentially after the end of the Cold War. For decades, weapons had been stockpiled in warehouses throughout the Balkans and Eastern Europe for the threat of war against the West, but now arms dealers were selling them off to the highest bidder. The Pentagon needed access to this new aftermarket to arm the militias it was creating in Iraq and Afghanistan. The trouble was, it couldn't go into such a murky underworld on its own. It needed proxies to do its dirty work – companies like AEY. The result was a new era of lawlessness. According to a report by Amnesty International, "Tens of millions of rounds of ammunition from the Balkans were reportedly shipped – clandestinely and without public oversight – to Iraq by a chain of private brokers and transport contractors under the auspices of the U.S. Department of Defense."

This was the "gray market" that Diveroli wanted to penetrate. Still a teenager, he rented a room in a house owned by a Hispanic family in Miami and went to work on his laptop. The government website where contracts are posted is fbo.gov, known as "FedBizOpps." Diveroli soon became adept at the arcane lingo of federal contracts. His competition was mostly big corporations like Northrop Grumman, Lockheed and BAE Systems. Those companies had entire departments dedicated to selling to the Pentagon. But Diveroli had his own advantages: low overhead, an appetite for risk and all-devouring ambition.

In the beginning, Diveroli specialized in bidding on smaller contracts for items like helmets and ammunition for U.S. Special Forces. The deals were tiny, relatively speaking, but they gave AEY a history of "past performance" – the kind of track record the Pentagon requires of companies that want to bid on large defense contracts. Diveroli got financing from a Mormon named Ralph Merrill, a machine-gun manufacturer from Utah who had worked for his father. Before long, Diveroli was winning Pentagon contracts.

Like all the kids in their pot-smoking circle, Packouz was aware that Diveroli had become an arms dealer. Diveroli loved to brag about how rich he was, and rumors circulated among the stoners about the vast sums he was making, at least compared with their crappy part-time jobs. One evening, Diveroli picked Packouz up in his Mercedes, and the two headed to a party at a local rabbi's house, lured by the promise of free booze and pretty girls. Diveroli was excited about a deal he had just completed, a $15 million contract to sell old Russian-manufactured rifles to the Pentagon to supply the Iraqi army. He regaled Packouz with the tale of how he had won the contract, how much money he was making and how much more there was to be made.

THE TWO FRIENDS QUICKLY FELL INTO A DAILY MORNING ROUTINE: WAKE UP, GET BAKED, START WHEELING AND DEALING.

"Dude, I've got so much work I need a partner," Diveroli said. "It's a great business, but I need a guy to come on board and make money with me."

Packouz was intrigued. He was doing some online business himself, buying sheets from textile companies in Pakistan and reselling them to distributors that supplied nursing homes in Miami. The sums he made were tiny – a thousand or two at a time – but the experience made him hungry for more.

"How much money are you making, dude?" Packouz asked.

"Serious money," Diveroli said.

"How much?"

"This is confidential information," Diveroli said.

"Dude, if you had to leave the country tomorrow, how much would you be able to take?"

"In cash?"

"Cold, hard cash."

Diveroli pulled the car over and turned to look at Packouz. "Dude, I'm going to tell you," he said. "But only to inspire you. Not because I'm bragging." Diveroli paused, as if he were about to disclose his most precious secret. "I have $1.8 million in cash."

Packouz stared in disbelief. He had expected Diveroli to say something like $100,000, maybe a little more. But nearly $2 million?

"Dude," was all Packouz said.

PACKOUZ STARTED WORKING with Diveroli in November 2005. His title was account executive. He would be paid entirely in commission. The pair operated out of a one-bedroom apartment Diveroli had by then rented in Miami Beach, sitting opposite each other at a desk in the living room, surrounded by stacks of federal contracts and a mountain of pot. They quickly fell into a daily routine: wake up, get baked, start wheeling and dealing.

DIVEROLI WAS THRILLED ABOUT IRAQ: "HE HOPED WE WOULD INVADE MORE COUNTRIES BECAUSE IT WAS GOOD FOR BUSINESS."

Packouz was about to get a rare education. He watched as Diveroli won a State Department contract to supply high-grade FN Herstal machine guns to the Colombian army. It was a lucrative deal, but Diveroli wasn't satisfied – he always wanted more. So he persuaded the State Department to allow him to substitute Korean-made knockoffs instead of the high-end Herstals – a swap that instantly doubled his earnings. Diveroli did the same with a large helmet order for the Iraqi army, pushing the Pentagon to accept poorer-quality Chinese-made helmets once he had won the contract. After all, it wasn't like the military was buying weapons and helmets for American soldiers. The hapless end-users were foreigners, and who was going to go the extra mile for them?

The Pentagon's buyers were soldiers with little or no business experience, and Diveroli knew how to win them over with a mixture of charm, patriotism and a keen sense of how to play to the military culture; he could *yes sir* and *no sir* with the best of them. To get the inside dirt on a deal, he would call the official in charge of the contract and pretend to be a colonel or even a general. "He would be toasted, but you would never know it," says Packouz. "When he was trying to get a deal, he was totally convincing. But if he was about to lose a deal, his voice would start shaking. He would say that he was running a very small business, even though he had millions in the bank. He said that if the deal fell through he was going to be ruined. He was going to lose his house. His wife and kids were going to go hungry. He would literally cry. I didn't know if it was psychosis or acting, but he absolutely believed what he was saying."

Above all, Diveroli cared about the bottom line. "Efraim was a Republican because they started more wars," Packouz says. "When the United States invaded Iraq, he was thrilled. He said to me, 'Do I think George Bush did the right thing for the country by invading Iraq? No. But am I happy about it? Absofuckinglutely.' He hoped we would invade more countries because it was good for business."

That spring, when mass protests broke out in Nepal, Diveroli frantically tried to put together a cache of arms that could be sold to the Nepalese king to put down the rebellion – heavy weapons, attack helicopters, ammo. "Efraim called it the Save the King Project, but he didn't give a shit about the king," Packouz says. "Money was all he talked about, literally – no sports or politics. He would do anything to make money."

To master the art of federal contracts, Packouz studied the solicitations posted on fbo.gov. The contracts often ran to 30 or 40 pages, each filled with fine print and legalese. As Diveroli's apprentice, Packouz saw that his friend never read a book or a magazine, never went to the movies – all he did was pore over government documents, looking for an angle, a way in. Diveroli called it *squeezing into a deal* – putting himself between the supplier and the government by shaving a few pennies off each unit and reselling them at a markup that undercut his competitors. Playing the part of an arms dealer, he loved to deliver dramatic one-liners, speaking as if he were the star of a Hollywood blockbuster. "I don't care if I have the smallest dick in the room," he would say, "as long as I have the fattest wallet." Or: "If you see a crack in the door, you've got to kick the fucker open." Or: "Once a gun runner, always a gun runner."

"Efraim's self-image was as the modern merchant of death," says Packouz. "He was still just a kid, but he didn't see himself that way. He would go toe-to-toe with high-ranking military officers, Eastern European mobsters, executives of Fortune 500 companies. He didn't give a fuck. He would take them on and win, and then give them the finger. I was following in his footsteps. He told me I was going to be a millionaire within three years – he guaranteed it."

At first, Packouz struggled to land his own deals. Bidding on contracts on fbo.gov was an art; closing a deal was a science. At one point, he spent weeks obsessing over an $8 million contract to supply SUVs to the State Department in Pakistan, only to lose the bid. But he finally won a contract to supply 50,000 gallons of propane to an Air Force base in Wyoming, netting a profit of $8,000. "There were a lot of suppliers who didn't know how to work FedBizOpps as well as we did," he says. "You had to read the solicitations religiously."

Once a week or so, the pair would hit the clubs of South Beach to let off steam. Karaoke in a basement bar called the Studio was a favorite. Packouz took his performances seriously, choosing soulful music like U2's "With or Without You" or Pearl Jam's "Black," while Diveroli threw himself into power ballads and country anthems, tearing off his shirt and pumping his fists to the music. Between songs, the two friends would take hits of the cocaine that Diveroli kept in a small plastic bullet with a tiny valve on the top for easy access. Packouz was shy around girls, but Diveroli cut right to the chase, often hitting on women right in front of their boyfriends.

All the partying wasn't exactly conducive to running a small business, especially one as complicated and perilous as arms dealing. As AEY grew, it defaulted on at least seven contracts, in one case failing to deliver a shipment of 10,000 Beretta pistols for the Iraqi army. Diveroli's aunt – a strong-willed and out-

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

Sfgrd/ags.com









THE ALBANIAN CONNECTION
The hangar in Albania **(1)** where the Chinese ammunition was repackaged **(2)**. After businessman Kosta Trebicka **(3)** complained about being cut out of the deal, he was killed in a mysterious "accident" **(4)**.

spoken woman who fought constantly with her nephew – joined the two friends to provide administrative support. She didn't approve of their drug use, and she talked openly about them on the phone, as if they weren't present.

"Mark my words," she told Diveroli's mother repeatedly, "your son is going to crash and burn."

"Shut up!" Diveroli would shout, the coldblooded arms dealer giving way to the pissed-off teenager. "You don't know what you're talking about! I made millions last year!"

"Crash and burn," the aunt would say. "Mark my words – crash and burn."



IN JUNE, SEVEN MONTHS AFTER Packouz started at AEY, he and Diveroli traveled to Paris for Eurosatory, one of the world's largest arms trade shows. Miles of booths inside the Paris Nord Villepinte exhibition center were filled with arms manufacturers hawking the latest instruments of death – tanks, robots, unmanned drones – and serving up champagne and caviar to some of the most powerful political and military officials on the planet. Packouz and Diveroli were by far the youngest in attendance, but they tried to look the part, wearing dress pants, crisp shirts and sales-rep ties. "Wait until I am really in the big time," Diveroli boasted. "I will *own* this fucking show."

At a booth displaying a new robotic reconnaissance device, Diveroli and Packouz met with Heinrich Thomet, a Swiss arms dealer who served as a crucial go-between for AEY. Tall and suave, with movie-star looks and an impeccable sense of fashion, Thomet had blond hair, light-blue eyes and an eerily calm demeanor. He spoke fluent English with a slight German accent, adding "OK" to the beginning and end of every sentence ("OK, so the price on the AKs is firm, OK?"). He seemed to have connections everywhere – Russia, Bulgaria, Hungary. Serving as a broker, Thomet had created an array of shell companies and offshore accounts to shield arms transactions from official scrutiny. He had used his contacts in Albania to get Diveroli a good price on Chinese-made ammunition for U.S. Special Forces training in Germany – a deal that was technically illegal, given the U.S. embargo against Chinese arms imposed after the Tiananmen Square massacre in 1989.

"Thomet could get body armor, machine guns, anti-aircraft rockets – anything," Packouz recalls. "He was one of the best middlemen in the business, a real-life Lord of War."

Like Diveroli, Thomet had been in the business since he was a teenager, and he recognized that the two young upstarts could be useful to him. Thomet was singled out by Amnesty International for smuggling arms out of Zimbabwe in violation of U.S. sanctions. He was also under investigation by U.S. law enforcement for shipping weapons from Serbia to Iraq, and he was placed on a "watch list" by the State Department. Given the obstacles to selling directly in the United States, Thomet wanted to use AEY as a front, providing him an easy conduit to the lucrative contracts being handed out by the Pentagon.

With Thomet on their side, Diveroli and Packouz soon got the break they were looking for. On July 28th, 2006, the Army Sustainment Command in Rock Island, Illinois, posted a 44-page document titled "A Solicitation for Nonstandard Ammunition." It looked like any other government form on fbo.gov, with blank spaces for names and telephone numbers and hundreds of squares to be filled in. But the document actually represented a semi-covert operation by the Bush administration to prop up the Afghan National Army. Rather than face a public debate over the war in Afghanistan, which was going very badly indeed, the Pentagon issued what is known as a "pseudo case" – a solicitation that permitted it to allocate defense funds without the approval of Congress. The pseudo case wasn't secret, precisely, but the only place it was publicized was on fbo.gov. No press release was issued, and there was no public debate. The money was only available for two years, so it had to be spent quickly. And unlike most federal contracts, there was no dollar limit posted; companies vying for the deal could bid whatever they wanted.

Based on the numbers, it looked like it was going to be a *lot* of money. The Army

BOTTOM LEFT: NEWSCOM

wanted to buy a dizzying array of weapons – ammunition for AK-47 assault rifles and SVD Dragunov sniper rifles, GP 30 grenades, 82 mm Russian mortars, S-KO aviation rockets. The quantities were enormous – enough ammo to literally create an army – and the entire contract would go to a single bidder. "One firm fixed-price award, on an all-or-none basis, will be made as a result of this solicitation," the tender offer said.

The solicitation was only up for a matter of minutes before Diveroli spotted it, reading the terms with increasing excitement. He immediately called Packouz, who was driving along the interstate.

"I've found the perfect contract for us," Diveroli said. "It's enormous – far, far bigger than anything we've done before. But it's right up our alley."

THE PAIR MET AT DIVEROLI'S apartment to smoke a joint and discuss strategy. Supplying the contract would mean buying up hundreds of millions of dollars worth of ammunition for the kind of Eastern Bloc weapons that the Afghans used. Because such weapons were traded in the gray market – a world populated by illegal arms dealers, gun runners and warlords – the Pentagon couldn't go out and buy the ammo itself without causing a public relations disaster. Whoever won the contract to arm the Afghans would essentially be serving as an official front operation, laundering shady arms for the Pentagon.

Normally, a small-time outfit like AEY wouldn't have a shot at such a major defense contract. But Diveroli and Packouz had three advantages. First, the Bush administration had started its small-business initiative at the Pentagon, mandating that a certain percentage of defense contracts go to firms like AEY. Second, the fledgling arms dealers specialized in precisely the sort of Cold War munitions the Pentagon was looking for: They had the "past performance" required by the contract, and they could fulfill the order using the same supply lines Diveroli had developed through Thomet. Third, the only requirement in the contract was that the ammunition be "serviceable without qualification." As Diveroli and Packouz interpreted it, that meant the Pentagon didn't care if they supplied "shit ammo," as long as it "went bang and went out of the barrel."

For the two friends, it was a chance to enter a world usually reserved for multinational defense contractors with armies of well-connected lobbyists. "I knew it was a long shot," recalls Packouz. "But it seemed like we might be able to actually compete with the big boys. I thought we actually had a chance. If we worked hard. If we got lucky."

Bidding on defense contracts is a speculative business – laborious, time-consuming, with no prize for second place. As they passed a joint back and forth, Diveroli decided it was time for Packouz to step up and take on a larger role.

"I don't really have time to source all these things," he told Packouz. "But I've got good contacts for you to start with. I want you to get on the Internet and get a price from everyone and his mother. Any new sources you bring to the table, I'll give you 25 percent of the profit."



MUNITIONS DUMP
An Afghan officer examines some of the ammunition that AEY delivered in crumbling boxes to his police post in Nawa, Afghanistan. The Chinese ammo was four decades old.

This was Packouz's big chance. That night, he went online and searched defense databases for every arms manufacturer in Eastern Europe he could find – Hungary, Bulgaria, Ukraine, any place that might deal in Soviet-era weapons. He e-mailed or faxed or called them all. The phone connection was often bad, and Packouz had to shout to be heard. If the person who answered didn't speak English, he would say "English! English! English!" and then spend minutes on hold while they tracked down the one guy in the outfit who spoke a few words. "*Da, da*," they would tell Packouz. "You buy, you buy." When he managed to make himself understood, he told the manufacturers that the ammunition had to "work." It also had to "look good," and not be in rusty boxes or exposed to the elements.

For six weeks, Packouz worked through the night, sleeping on Diveroli's couch and surviving on weed and adrenaline. He located stockpiles of ammunition in Eastern Europe at good prices. At the same time, Heinrich Thomet sourced a massive amount of ammunition through his Albanian connections. As the date for the final bid neared, Diveroli agonized. He paced day and night, a cloud of smoke over his head as he smoked joint after joint, muttering, worrying, cursing.

"Efraim was conflicted about whether to put a nine percent or 10 percent profit margin on top of our prices," Packouz recalls. "The difference was more than $3 million in cash, which was huge – but with either margin, profits were going to be more than $30 million. He figured everyone else was going to take 10 percent, but what if another bidder had the same idea as him and put in nine percent? So maybe he should go with eight percent. But then we might be leaving money on the table – God forbid!"

Finally, at the last possible moment, Diveroli went for nine percent. He scribbled a number on the form: $298,000,000. It was an educated guess, one he prayed wouldn't be undercut by the big defense contractors. There were just 10 minutes left before the application deadline. The two friends jumped in Diveroli's car and sped through the quiet residential streets of Miami Beach, making it to the post office with only seconds to go.

THE PENTAGON CAN BE A slow-moving bureaucracy, a place where paperwork goes to die. But because the Afghanistan solicitation was a "pseudo case," it had been designed to move swiftly. On the evening of January 26th, 2007, Packouz was parking his beat-up old Mazda Protege when Diveroli called.

"I have good news and bad news," Diveroli said.

TYLER HICKS/"NEW YORK TIMES"/REDUX

Free Magazines Download In True PDF format - StoreMags.com

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

"What's the bad news?" Packouz asked.

"Our first order is only for $600,000."

"So we won the contract?" Packouz asked in disbelief.

"Fuck yeah!" said Diveroli.

The two friends, still in their early twenties, were now responsible for one of the central elements of the Bush administration's foreign policy. Over multiple bottles of Cristal at an upscale Italian restaurant, the pair toasted their amazing good fortune. Throughout the meal they passed Diveroli's cocaine bullet back and forth under the table, using napkins to pretend to blow their noses.

"You and me, buddy," Diveroli said. "You and me are going to take over this industry. I see AEY as a $10 billion company in a few years. These fat cats in their boardrooms worrying about the stock prices of their companies have no idea what is about to hit them."

"General Dynamics isn't going to be too happy right now," Packouz agreed.

Despite the celebratory air, they both knew that their work had just begun. They had already managed to clear three different government audits, hiring an accountant to establish the kind of basic bookkeeping systems that any cafe or corner store would have. Now, a few weeks after winning the contract, AEY was suddenly summoned to a meeting with the purchasing officers at Rock Island.

Diveroli asked Ralph Merrill, the Mormon gun manufacturer from Utah, to come along. An experienced businessman in his sixties, Merrill had provided the financial backing needed to land the contract, pledging his interest in a piece of property in Utah. Diveroli had also shown auditors his personal bank balance, by then $5.4 million.

The meeting with Army officials proved to be a formality. Diveroli had the contracting jargon down, and he sailed through the technical aspects of the transaction with confidence: supply sources, end-user certificates, AEY's experience. No one ever asked his age. "We were supremely confident," says Packouz. "I just think it never occurred to the Army people that they were dealing with a couple of dudes in their early twenties."

In reality, the Pentagon had good reason to disqualify AEY from even vying for the contract. The company and Diveroli had both been placed on the State Department "watch list" for importing illegal firearms. But the Pentagon failed to check the list. It also ignored the fact that AEY had defaulted on prior contracts. Initially rated as "unsatisfactory" by the contracting office, AEY was upgraded to "good" and then "excellent."

There was only one explanation for the meteoric rise: Diveroli had radically underbid the competition. In private conversations, the Army's contracting officers let AEY know that its bid was at least $50 million less than its nearest rival. Diveroli's anxiety that his bid of nearly $300 million would be too high had failed to consider the corpulent markups employed by corporate America when it deals with the Pentagon. For once, at least, taxpayers were getting a good deal on a defense contract.

The first Task Order that AEY received on the deal was for $600,000 worth of grenades and ammunition – a test, Diveroli surmised, to make sure they could deliver as promised. Make a mistake, no matter the reason, and the Pentagon might yank the entire $298 million contract.

After their celebratory dinner the night they received the contract, the two friends headed for Diveroli's brand-new Audi. As Diveroli arranged a line of coke on the dashboard, he warned Packouz not to make any mistakes with the grenades.

"You've got the bitch's panties off," Diveroli said, adopting his best movie-star swagger. "But you haven't fucked her yet."

DIVEROLI AND PACKOUZ needn't have worried. They had barely gotten started on the order for grenades when the second Task Order arrived. This time, it was for more than $49 million in ammunition – including 100 million rounds of AK ammo and more than a million grenades for rocket launchers. There was no question now. The Pentagon was ecstatic to award the contract to a tiny company like AEY, which helped fulfill the quota set by Bush's small-business initiative.

Packouz calculated that even with the tight margins, he stood to make as much as $6 million on the contract. But he wasn't so sure that AEY was going to be able to deliver. Diveroli had already hit the road, traveling to the Ukraine, Montenegro and the Czech Republic in search of suppliers. So Packouz would have to tend to most of the Afghanistan contract by himself – a job that any conventional defense contractor would have assigned to dozens of full-time, experienced employees.

In February 2007, saddled with a gargantuan task, Packouz went by himself to the annual International Defense Exhibition in Abu Dhabi to look for suppliers. "It was bizarre," he says. "I was just a kid, but I was probably the single biggest private arms dealer on the planet. It was like Efraim had put me into the movie he was starring in." To look the part of an international arms dealer, Packouz carried a silver aluminum briefcase and wore wraparound shades. He also had business cards printed up with an impressive new title, considering he was part of a two-man operation: vice president.

AMONG ARMS DEALERS, SUBVERTING THE LAW IS A POINT OF PRIDE. THERE'S EVEN A TERM OF ART FOR IT: CIRCUMVENTION.

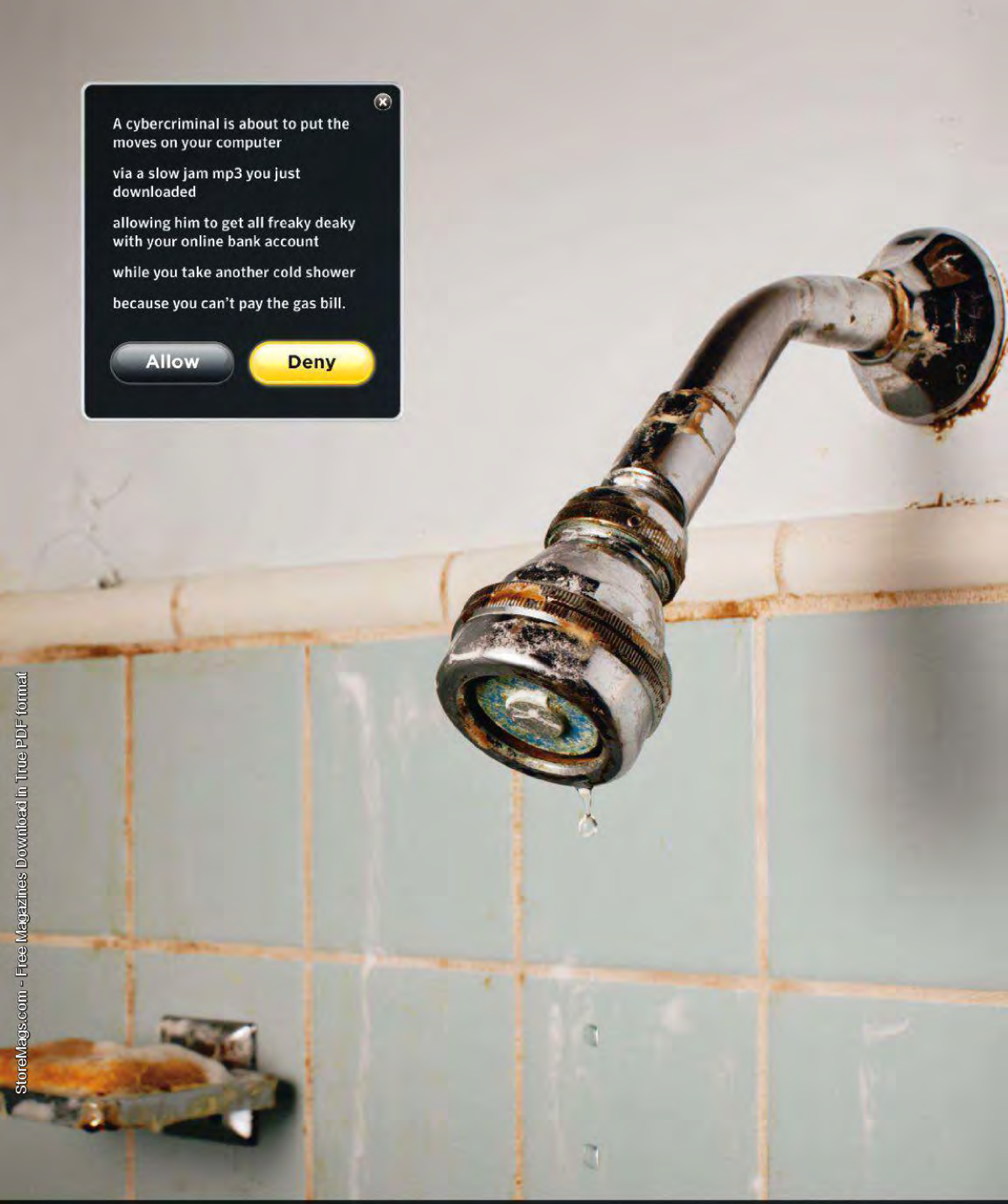
In Abu Dhabi, Packouz hoped to find a single supplier big enough to meet most of AEY's demands. The obvious candidate was Rosoboron Export, the official dealer for all Russian arms. The company had inherited the Soviet Union's global arms-exporting empire; now, as part of Vladimir Putin's tightly held network of oligarchic corporations, Rosoboron sold more than 90 percent of Russia's weapons. The firm was so big that Packouz could have just given them the list of ammunition he needed and they could have supplied the entire contract, a one-stop weapons shop.

But there was a catch, the kind of perversity common in the world of arms dealing: Rosoboron had been banned by the State Department for selling nuclear equipment to Iran. The U.S. government wanted Russian ammo, just not from the Russians. AEY couldn't do business with the firm – at least, not legally. But for gun runners, this kind of legal hurdle was just that – a hurdle to be jumped.

Packouz went to the main Russian pavilion every day to try to get an appointment with the deputy director [*Cont. on 72*]

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag



StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

Deny digital dangers *(and their unfortunate outcomes)* **with Norton Internet Security 2011.**
Ranked #1 in both Protection and Overall Performance.*

*Source: norton.com/passmark2011, norton.com/dennislabs2011
© 2011 Symantec Corporation. All rights reserved. Symantec and Norton are registered trademarks of Symantec Corporation.

Norton by Symantec

everyclickmatters.com

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

Store.rags.com

Reviews

NEW CDS ..... Pg. 62
SINGLES ..... Pg. 64
MOVIES ..... Pg. 70
CHARTS ..... Pg. 80



On comeback, the Strokes revive that old kick while leaping forward

The Strokes

★★★★

Angles *RCA*

BY DAVID FRICKE



"Don't try to stop us/Get out of the way," Julian Casablancas sings with a snapping relish at the end of *Angles*, the Strokes' new album, in a song called "Life Is Simple in the Moonlight." That's a rich sign-off for five guys with peculiar ideas about momentum. The New York band's last record, the ambitious and wobbly *First Impressions of Earth*, came out five years ago. *Angles* took nearly two years to write and record, including one mostly scrapped set of sessions. The Strokes' body of studio work over a decade on four LPs, not including the solo projects: 46 songs. "I'm putting your patience to the test," Casablancas sings in the first song here, "Machu Picchu." No shit.

But this is what comes from waiting: 10 songs built mostly from basic rock-combo parts, charged and scarred with an exacting attention to musically and romantically turbulent detail. With its sudden-U-turn songwriting and curt execution, *Angles* is the best album that Casablancas, guitarists Nick Valensi and Albert Hammond Jr., bassist Nikolai Fraiture and drummer Fabrizio Moretti have made since 2001's *Is This It*, the cannonball that inaugurated the modern-garage era.

Angles is also the Strokes' first true giant step forward from that record. They tighten the striving that was spread

Illustration by Rory Kurtz

thin across *First Impressions* with proven martial jangle: Fraiture and Moretti's stoic grip on the beat; robotic-Yardbirds crossfires of crispy-fuzz and brittle-treble guitars. "Machu Picchu" is a sly union of cocky menace – a bony city-reggae gait, wet with echo – and the kind of rapid-strum fury that came with the choruses on early Who singles. In "Two Kinds of Happiness," a motor-pop groove that recalls the smooth futurist lure of the Cars goes to exciting pieces: Casablancas' dry, ragged howl hanging over a tense, stuttering rhythm and a field of stabbing-dagger guitars.

The Strokes arrived at the start of this century perfectly formed, as rigidly pure as the zero-blues propulsion of the early Velvet Underground. But Casablancas once said his favorite Velvets album was 1970's *Loaded*, their most expansive LP, with its emotionally incisive songwriting and luxuriant pop-hit and ballad dynamics. *Angles* is the Strokes' spin on that ambition. They shoot wide in "Games," which has too much electronics, as if the track lost its way to Casablancas' 2009 solo album. "Call Me Back" is closer with better risk: terse-chiming guitars in a psychedelic suspense of indecision and no drums. In the bridge, Casablancas sings in a whispered falsetto, like he's leaving messages in someone's ear as they sleep.

Casablancas is one of rock's most interior singers, writing in confrontational dialogue, then singing from behind the guitars, through what sounds like cheesecloth. "There's no one I disapprove of/Or root for more than myself," he declares in "Life Is Simple in the Moonlight." That bravado, cut with doubt, sums up his band's greatness and dilemma. The Strokes invented their own rock. They also want to be better. And that takes time.

Key Tracks: "Machu Picchu," "Two Kinds of Happiness"

LISTEN NOW!
Hear key tracks from these albums at rolling stone.com/albums.

Britney's Odd Future

Brit recruits Max Martin and Dr. Luke for a thumping party – and her strangest disc yet

Britney Spears ★★★★

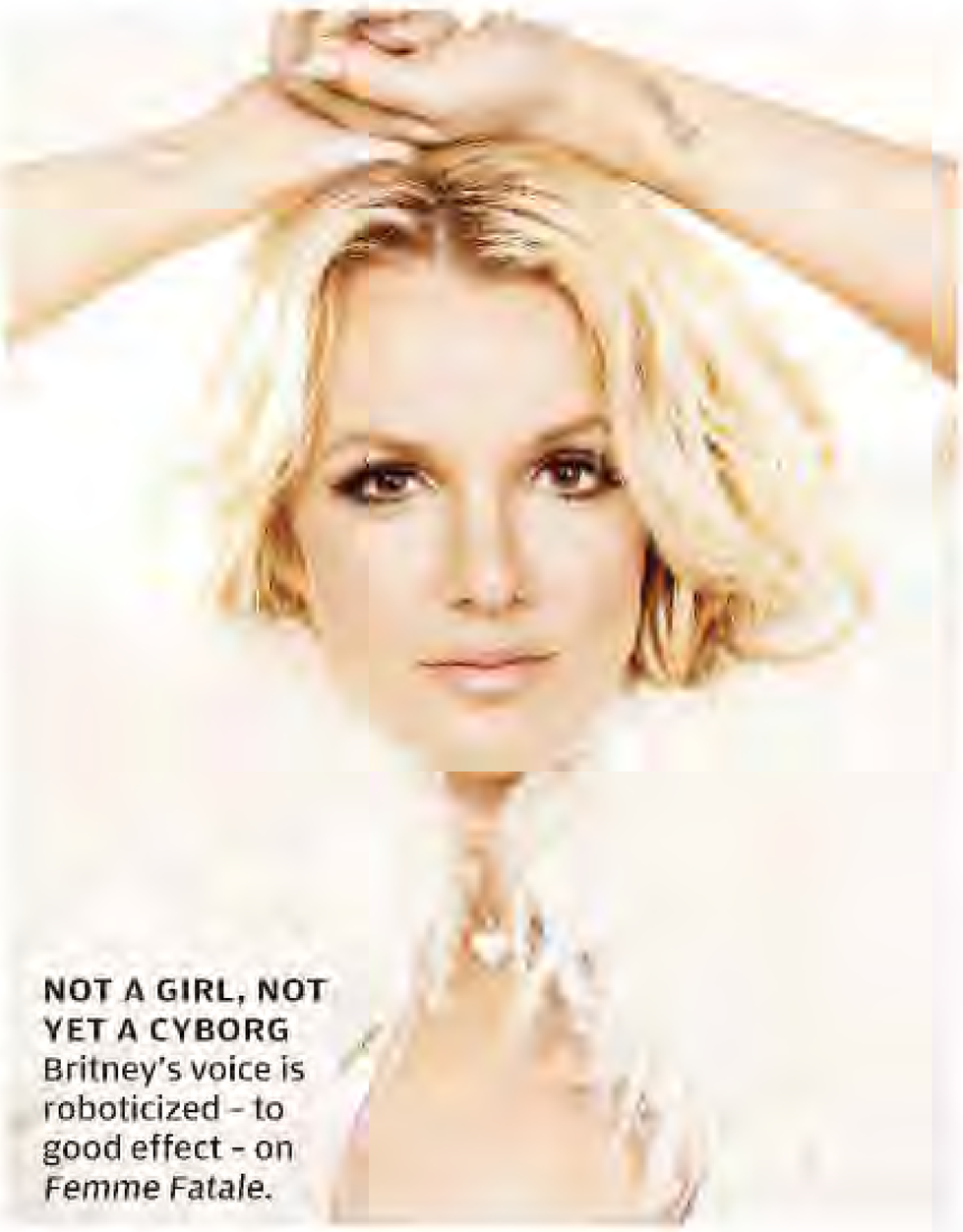
Femme Fatale *Jive*



Britney Spears is pop music's stealth avant-gardist. For years, critics have dismissed her as a cipher with a wisp of a voice. But from the minute she burst on the scene – heralded by the keyboard power chords of "... Baby One More Time" – her music has steered bubblegum into weirder, woollier territory. "Toxic" was a mélange of Bollywood and spy-movie guitar; "Piece of Me" was an essay on 21st-century tabloid infamy crooned over 22nd-century club rhythms. Then there's this year's "Hold It Against Me," which dissolves into a furious dubstep breakdown – easily the most assaultive beat on the Hot 100 right now.

Key Tracks: "How I Roll," "Criminal"

Femme Fatale may be Britney's best album; certainly it's her strangest. Conceptually it's straightforward: a party record packed with sex and sadness. Max Martin and Dr. Luke, the world's two biggest hitmakers, are responsible for seven of 12 songs: big melodies and bigger Eurodisco thumps. But other producers go nuts, tossing the kitchen sink at Britney. The Bloodshy-helmed "How I Roll" is sputtering, oddly beautiful techno. In "Big Fat Bass," Will.i.am turns Britney into a cyborg obsessed with low-end. ("The bass is getting bigger!" she exults.) On nearly every track, Britney's voice is twisted, shredded, processed, roboticized. Maybe this is because she doesn't have much of a voice; it's certainly because she, more than almost any other pop diva, is simply game. Femme fatale? Not so much. But say this for Britney: She's an adventuress. JODY ROSEN



NOT A GIRL, NOT YET A CYBORG Britney's voice is roboticized – to good effect – on *Femme Fatale*.

Chris Brown ★★★

F.A.M.E. *Jive*

Brown rehabs image with crowd-pleasing R&B jams



In 2009, on the heels of his felony conviction in the beating of his then-girlfriend Rihanna, Chris Brown released *Grafitti*, a plodding album that included shrilly defensive responses to his infamy. This time, Brown takes a smarter approach: He's concentrated on making great songs. *F.A.M.E.* boasts blockbuster hits ("Deuces," "No Bullshit," "Yeah 3X," "Look at Me Now") and shows Brown has a good nose for production: On "Look at Me Now," he rocks with Busta Rhymes and Lil Wayne over a sci-fi Orientalist beat from Diplo and Afrojack. *F.A.M.E.* is a pop 'n' b album with something for everyone: bedroom ballads, dance-floor thumpers and even "Next 2 You," a puppy-love declaration with guest vocals by Justin Bieber. J.R.

Key Tracks: "Yeah 3X," "No Bullshit," "Look at Me Now"

The Pains of Being Pure at Heart ★★★½

Belong

Slumberland/The Collective

Alt-rocking kids beef up for potential breakthrough



You know that indie kid who would mumble through his bangs and stare at his Doc Martens? The one who came back from winter break with a swagger and a few hickeys? This Brooklyn band has gone through the same transformation – its sound is now massive enough to match its big-hearted emotion. On the Pains' second album, Kip Berman's voice floats atop layers of guitar fuzz; think early Smashing Pumpkins or "Friday I'm in Love" Cure. As punk love songs go, it's hard to top "Anne With an E," where he sighs, "Take your sweater off and wear your spikes again." ROB SHEFFIELD

Key Tracks: "Anne With an E," "My Terrible Friend"

RAMDEE ST NICHOLAS

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

40 years of expertise.
One-of-a-kind taste.
Endless moments to enjoy.

Commemorating our first forty years. Handcrafted from carefully selected beans from all three of the world's coffee-growing regions. Expertly blended into a bold, spicy, full-bodied coffee with cocoa and dark cherry notes. Available in whole bean or Starbucks VIA® Instant Coffee. Never before. Never again. Just for you.

Available only for a limited time.



You & Starbucks *It's bigger than coffee*

starbucks.com © 2011 Starbucks Coffee Company. All rights reserved.

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

TOP SINGLES

Death Cab for Cutie ★★★

"Codes and Keys" *Leaked*

This new ballad (heard here in a live, solo-piano version) proudly bites Leonard Cohen's "Hallelujah." Ben Gibbard follows minor falls and major lifts to the cold and broken refrain, "We are a-live" – sounding both fragile and optimistic. **JON DOLAN**

Ponytail ★★★★

"Easy Peasy" *Leaked*

What are these Baltimore art-school punk kids on? A creative roll, for one thing. "Easy Peasy" is nearly six minutes of mayhem, mixing up King Crimson-style riffs, African soukous beats and New Wave synths, while Molly Siegel steals the show with her David Byrne-meets-Bikini Kill howl. **ROB SHEFFIELD**

Sky Ferreira ★★★½

"Sex Rules" *iTunes*

Teen dream Ferreira isn't bugged by being "not a girl, not yet a woman." Her latest synth-pop confection bounces like a Stacey Q jam – and big-ups both nooky and the Almighty: "I pity the fools who realize too late/ Love, sex and God are great." **CARYN GANZ**

Arctic Monkeys ★★½

"Brick By Brick" *arcticmonkeys.com*

The first taste of the Brit band's fourth LP, this oddly meat-and-potatoes rocker finds Alex Turner rhyming "rock & roll" with "steal your soul" over simple riffs. His Jim Morrison impression later in the song is only a minor improvement. **CHRISTIAN HOARD**

LISTEN NOW! Hear these and more hot new tracks at rollingstone.com/songs.



"Sad Song" suggests classic Cars.

Tastes Like 'Candy-O': The Cars' Sweet Return

The Cars ★★★★

"Sad Song" *Leaked*

It's as if they never left. "Sad Song" – the lead single from *Move Like This*, the Cars' first studio album in 24 years – opens with a rolling-machine groove that sparkles like 1978's "My Best Friend's Girl" with a fresh coat of chrome. But the Cars – especially singer-guitarist Ric Ocasek – were a deceptively dark ride, with a bleak undertow in Ocasek's songwriting and the band's sleek, noirish minimalism. "Too many clowns saying everything's all right . . . too many preachers saying what you should find," Ocasek sings, with stoic irritation, over the controlled cruise of drummer David Robinson, guitarist Elliot Easton and keyboard player Greg Hawkes. The chorus, in turn, is explosive irony. "It's just a sad song/It moves along," Ocasek promises as the band climbs and accelerates. The late singer-bassist Ben Orr would have brought extra sunlight in the harmonies. But in every other way, the Cars have pulled out of the garage in renewed vintage form. **DAVID FRICKE**

A Supergroup Freaks Out

Wild Flag ★★★★

"Glass Tambourine" *Leaked*

You might expect the first studio leak from this group of well-established indie rockers to be one part aggro-daydream (Helium frontwoman Mary Timony) to two parts rocket thrust (Sleater-Kinney's Carrie Brownstein and Janet Weiss) with a taste of garage-pop sugar (the Minders' keyboardist Rebecca Cole). Actually, "Glass Tambourine" – half of a seven-inch vinyl single due out on Record Store Day, April 16th – sounds like some wicked 1960s acid-rock yard-sale discovery, with Timony urging, "Listen to the music . . . before it passes you by." Then, Wild Flag launch into a ferocious closing guitar jam that's two parts Stooges, one part early Pink Floyd. Psych! **WILL HERMES**

Christina Perri's Big Love

Christina Perri ★★★

"Arms" *Leaked*

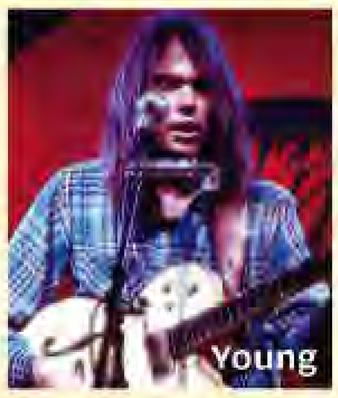
Matching the young-adult tumult of Kelly Clarkson with the wind-swept angst of Florence and the Machine, Perri's 2010 smash hit "Jar of Hearts" was bad-boyfriend-crushing piano pop – the kind of thing that you crank as you decide which local cliff to jump off when your high school love dumps you for a Cheerio. Her newest blast of feelings-napalm is a ballad that starts out placid and folky, then picks up intensity and volume, as grand melodic swooshes (and timpani!) imply romantic rapture between Perri and her new man. But watch out: Chrissy's valentine seems to come with a razor blade of crazy: "I can't make you bleed if I'm alone." Dude, run. **JON DOLAN**

BOOTLEG

Neil Young

Boston Garden February 8th, 1973

Young was near the peak of his popularity when he went on a grueling three-month arena tour in 1973. But he was miserable at the time, uncomfortable with fame and still grappling with the death of Crazy Horse guitarist Danny Whitten. This previously uncirculated tape opens with a tender acoustic version of Buffalo Springfield's "On the Way Home." Then, for the rest of the night, Young leans heavily on tracks from *Tonight's the Night* (more than two years before the LP came out) and a batch of songs ("L.A.," "Last Dance") that he would only release on the long-out-of-print live LP *Time Fades Away*. "L.A.," a semisarcastic ode to the "city in the smog," remains one of Young's great lost songs, though early versions of *Tonight's the Night* tracks like "New Mama" and "Lookout Joe" lack the gentle touch that the Santa Monica Flyers would give them. Playing unknown tunes was not a popular decision with the arena crowd, who can be heard groaning and shouting for hits. When Young finally gets around to "Southern Man," the rage in his voice sounds genuine. **ANDY GREENE**



Young

FROM TOP: MARK SELIGER; MICHAEL PUTLAND/GETTY IMAGES

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

StoreMags.com

Your peanut butter cups were just training wheels.



If you like peanut butter and chocolate,
you'll love peanut butter and SNICKERS.
Try new SNICKERS® Peanut Butter Squared.
Chocolate, peanuts, nougat, caramel and peanut butter.

facebook.com/snickers

®/TM trademarks ©Mars, Incorporated 2011

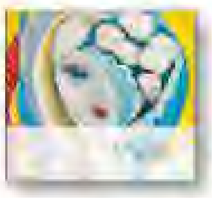


Eric Clapton's Tormented Peak

Born out of heartache, 'Layla' caught a blues-rock supergroup in a brief, beautiful moment

Derek and the Dominos ★★★★★

Layla and Other Assorted Love Songs: 40th Anniversary Deluxe Edition *Polydor*



Recorded in six weeks in the late summer of 1970, *Layla and Other Assorted Love Songs* is one of rock's greatest broken promises. The original double LP was the only studio album by Eric Clapton's exceptional alliance with keyboard player Bobby Whitlock, bassist Carl Radle and drummer Jim Gordon – all American exiles from the Delaney and Bonnie and Joe Cocker bands – as well as guitarist Duane Allman, on session leave from his own group. By the spring of '71, Derek and the Dominos were over, fried by drugs and abandoned by Clapton, who went into seclusion. But the band was a rare thing in supergroups, a marquee combo with true superpowers: modern-blues virtuosity charged with the exultant lust and anguish of Southern R&B. *Layla* was partly covers, including blues by Jimmy Cox and Freddie King. But the screaming-treble despair was real – Clapton's then-unrequited love for the wife of his best friend, George Harrison – and the guitarist, writing and singing with Whitlock, hit a rich vein of candor in the mourning flow of "I Looked Away" and the frantic gallop of "Why Does Love Got to Be So Sad?" "Layla," with its immortal lick, rewired by Allman from an Albert King record, was the peak of Clapton's agony and arguably the beginning of the Dominos' end. Formed in haste, forged in pain, they were not built to last. This four-CD set does not have the studio jams from the 1990 anniversary box but covers the quartet's life span, including a *Layla* outtake with Allman, tracks from an abandoned '71 session, the Dominos' incendiary performances at the Fillmore East and a live romp on *The Johnny Cash Show* – the last word on a fast-doomed majesty.

DAVID FRICKE



Clapton in 1970

Portrait of a Queen in Waiting

11-disc box set captures early Aretha – young, black, gifted and still figuring out her sound

Aretha Franklin ★★★★½

Take a Look: Aretha Franklin Complete on Columbia *Columbia/Legacy*



From the summer of 1960, when 18-year-old Aretha Franklin made her first Columbia recordings, until January 1967, when she cut her torrid Atlantic debut, "I Never Loved a Man (The Way That I Love You)," the Queen of Soul was royalty in waiting. Her many producers at Columbia (including John Hammond, who signed her to the label) tried hard to frame and wrangle Franklin's holy spirit, tortured heart and operatic force, mistaking her natural vocal power for a crossover gift – from the church to jazz, show tunes and pop covers – instead of a turning point. But the stirring can be heard all over these 11 CDs, cutting through the shimmer and the sweetening in the funky impatience of "Won't Be Long" from 1960, Franklin's poised-R&B command in 1964's "Runnin' Out of Fools," and "I'll Keep on Smiling," from the same year, co-written by the singer and an earthy preview of her Atlantic destiny. A DVD in this set has five TV clips from '64, including one of Franklin at the piano, doing Dinah Washington's 1944 hit "Evil Gal Blues." Franklin was not yet Lady Soul, but she looks and sounds ready for her close-up.

D.F.



Franklin in 1960

Nick Lowe ★★★★

Labour of Lust *Yep Roc*

A lost gem of New Wave pop, from Elvis Costello's producer



As a songwriter and producer (Elvis Costello, the Pretenders), Nick Lowe helped turn U.K. punk into pop. This long-out-of-print 1979 set, a hookfest full of barbed wit, was his own pop moment. The hit was "Cruel to Be Kind," an Everly Brothers-meet-Stylistics defense of masochism. Less radio-friendly are "Big Kick, Plain Scrap," which repeats the phrase "on drugs" over tweaked New Orleans funk, and "American Squirm," which features Costello. It's not all catchy snark: The bonus B side "Basing Street" is a ballad involving spilled blood and a pill-popping DJ – a taste of the country-folk storytelling Lowe would master decades later.

WILL HERMES

FROM TOP: ELLIOTT LANDY/REDFERNS/GETTY IMAGES; DON HUNSTEIN/SONY ARCHIVES

Those Darlins

★★★½

Screws Get Loose

Oh Wow Dang

Tennessee ladies juice garage punk with twang and bravado



On their 2009 debut, these Southern girls cooked up catchy cowpunk tunes about drunken misbehavior. Having roped in a male band member, they stumble toward shitfaced garage punk on their second album. The road leaves them wasted and bummed, money slips away, they go insane on a plane and opt for food over sex. "Be Your Bro" battles a buddy's lustful urges; "Mystic Mind" rattles its acid-washed chains like the 13th Floor Elevators; "Boy" tallies groupie dudes at assorted tour stops à la guy bands ever since time began. Everybody takes turns singing lead. And beneath all the rudimentary clank and buzz, there's plenty of rockabilly quiver, drawl and twang. CHUCK EDDY

Key Tracks: "Be Your Bro," "Boy," "Mystic Mind"

Green Day

★★★½

Awesome as Fuck *Reprise*

Live set reminds you how much fun Green Day can be



Well, that's Wal-mart out of the way. But the title says a lot about the tongue-tied delight of a great rock show, and Green Day played plenty of 'em on their last tour. This set is a contagious account of the power-fun streak that still runs through the band even after the two punk operas. There is ancient mayhem from 1990's *39/Smooth* and '91's *Kerplunk* as well as a new grenade, "Cigarettes and Valentines." Billie Joe Armstrong thoroughly enjoys his spotlight: shouting, cursing and letting audiences take whole verses of "American Idiot" and "Good Riddance." And drummer Tré Cool is way up in the mix, channeling the Clash's Topper Headon and the Who's Keith Moon with precise demonic glee. DAVID FRICKE

Key Tracks: "Cigarettes and Valentines," "East Jesus Nowhere"

The Mountain Goats ★★★½

All Eternals Deck *Merge*

Ace word-slinger fleshes out sound, disses vampires



Twenty years after John Darnielle began recording albums on a boombox, his head is still exploding with words. The Mountain Goats' latest shows Darnielle's folk rock growing more diverse, swelled with strings and choral harmonizing. "High Hawk Season" sounds like Fleet Foxes reimagined as a New York street gang with lit Ph.D.s. Darnielle's lyrics here are more impressionistic, but his wordplay is always suffused with emotion. When he sings "these bite marks deep in my arteries" on "Damn These Vampires," he seems to be cursing pop culture's hold on him – and savoring it, too. WILL HERMES

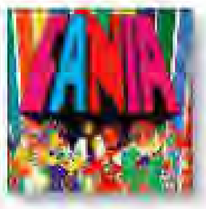
Key Tracks: "Damn These Vampires," "High Hawk Season"

Various Artists

★★★★

Fania Records 1964-1980: The Original Sound of Latin New York *Strut*

A concise and thrilling history of salsa's Motown



In the Seventies, the Fania label ruled the Latin music scene in New York – and, arguably, the world. This two-CD comp moves from Cuban traditionalism to the R&B fusion called boogaloo to salsa, the pan-Latin genre that – via its marketing smarts and talent monopoly – Fania basically invented. The hits are here: Willie Colón's "Che Che Colé," Hector Lavoe's anthems "El Cantante" and "Mi Gente," Rubén Blades' "Mack the Knife"-script-flip "Pedro Navaja." On "Quimbara," Celia Cruz reclaims salsa's grafted Cuban roots as birthright, bringing it all back home. W.H.

Key Tracks: "Quimbara," "Subway Joe"

PROMOTION

BACK STAGE PASS

YOUR TICKET TO SPECIAL PROMOTIONS, OFFERS AND NEWS

WIN A TRIP TO SEE A BREAKOUT BAND IN NYC

Catch Beast Make Bomb, winners of the Get Out Of The Garage Music Contest. Brought to you by Converse, Journeys and *Rolling Stone*.

CONVERSE PRESENTS GET OUT OF THE GARAGE MUSIC TOUR

CONVERSE

getoutofthegarage.com

MAD MEN SEASON 4 ON BLU-RAY AND DVD

Own the 3-time Emmy® and Golden-Globe® winner for outstanding TV drama. The DVD and Blu-ray are now available with over three hours of exclusive special features.



LIONSGATE

LionsgateDVD.com

STEP INSIDE THE ROLLING STONE ROCK ROOM

THURSDAY MARCH 17–SATURDAY MARCH 19

NOON–5PM // LA ZONA ROSA // AUSTIN, TX

THURSDAY

GARY CLARK JR.
RAPHAEL SAADIQ
TRACY BONHAM
MONA
THE MEAT PUPPETS

FRIDAY

JASON ISBELL & THE 400 UNIT
JESSICA LEA MAYFIELD
DAWES
NICOLE ATKINS
HAYES CARLL

SATURDAY

Rock & Roll BBQ Presented by Converse

BEAST MAKE BOMB
TENNIS
SURFER BLOOD
THE JOY FORMIDABLE
ELLIE GOULDING

*Line-up subject to change.

ROCK N RM

PRESENTED BY BEN & JERRY'S CONVERSE Rocksmith Trident VITALITY TRUE RELIGION

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

DVDS


Simon and Garfunkel in 1969



Simon and Garfunkel

★★★★★

Bridge Over Troubled Water: 40th Anniversary Edition

Columbia/Legacy

The real news on this reissue of Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel's classic 1970 album is the accompanying DVD. It features *Songs of America*, a 1969 CBS special directed by Charles Grodin. Rejected by its initial sponsor, Bell Atlantic, the controversial 52-minute film juxtaposed the pair touring, performing, rehearsing and recording with a series of politically charged images – including JFK, MLK, César Chávez and the Poor People's March on Washington. The DVD's other half, "The Harmony Game," examines *Bridge*'s creation via contemporary interviews with Simon, Garfunkel and co-producer Roy Hallee. "They're just too simple," Simon says of the lyrics to "Bridge Over Troubled Water," "and of course that's what made it so universal." BARRY WALTERS



Adam Lambert ★★★

Glam Nation Live *19 Recordings/RCA*

Moving at a frantic pace that befits its subject, this 67-minute CD-DVD set captures Lambert on his first solo tour, showing off his sometimes uneasy, often triumphant hybrid of glam rock, Broadway and dance pop. At first there are so many prerecorded backgrounds that his singing seems barely live. Barefoot and overdressed, this Mad Hatter changes costumes often while guitarist Monte Pittman shreds. But after racing through "Ring of Fire" and "Whataya Want From Me," Lambert finds his groove, showing off his theatrical training on heavily choreographed numbers like "Strut." He often comes across like an actor playing a rocker rather than the real thing, but Lambert's charisma and considerable chops compensate for his lingering staginess. B.W.



Wheedle's Groove ★★★½

cinewax

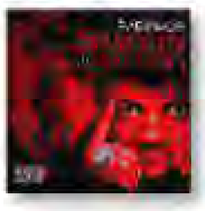
An entire movie about long-gone Seattle funk bands? Seems like a stretch, but this exceptionally good-looking doc brings a vibrant scene back to life. Narrated by Seattle hip-hop icon Sir Mix-A-Lot, the film highlights the city's club-packing Sixties and Seventies bands – groups like Cold, Bold and Together, which generated Roy Ayers' Ubiquity keyboardist Philip Woo and crossover jazz superstar Kenny G. Although they and other city graduates (Quincy Jones, Ben Gibbard) weigh in, the real stars are the unsung heroes who now live as ordinary folk but were once superfly kings of the ghetto. B.W.

Raekwon ★★★½

Shaolin vs. Wu-Tang

IceH2O/EMI

Wu-Tang capo smartly sticks to grimy Clinton-era sonics



With 2009's *Only Built 4 Cuban Linx . . . Pt. II*, Raekwon managed to conjure a satisfying sequel to one of rap's most hallowed albums. The pressure's off now, and on *Shaolin vs. Wu-Tang*, Rae sounds at ease – as loquacious as ever, unfurling martial-arts-movie allusions and street-crime narratives in a weave of internal rhymes. ("Lightin' Phillies/Flyby Willies/Can't come through unless your vehicle 300 chain, silly.") RZA, the production *sensei* behind Wu-Tang, is absent, but Scram Jones, Bronze Nazareth and others evoke his claustrophobic soundscapes. It's a classic Raekwon record; it sounds like no one else because it sounds so stubbornly like 1995 – still behind the times, and still ahead of the competition. JODY ROSEN

Key Tracks: "Butter Knives," "Molasses"

Sum 41 ★★

Screaming Bloody Murder

Island

The former Mr. Avril Lavigne cleans out his soul closet



You probably haven't paid much attention to Sum 41 since their 2001 bubblegum punk hit "Fat Lip." Keep doing that. On subsequent discs, frontman Deryck Whibley has aspired to depth outside his skill set. 2004's *Chuck* was inspired by war in the Congo; the band's newest seems touched by a lesser holocaust, Whibley's 2010 divorce from Avril Lavigne. "Take the pictures off the wall/Erase the thoughts, forget them all," he sings. Whibley cleans out his soul closet over operatic hard rock, rain-swept balladry and bad Green Day opera punk – often crammed into the same song. If he's trying to show breakups are arduous, it worked. JON DOLAN

Key Tracks: "Reason to Believe," "Sick of Everyone"

Panic! At the Disco ★★★

Vices & Virtues

Decaydance/Fueled by Ramen

Emo hitmakers push forward by reaching way back



Panic! At the Disco have invented a new genre: emo retropop. *Vices & Virtues* is the band's first album since becoming a duo (singer Brendon Urie and drummer Spencer Smith), and it's the closest emo has come to the sound of old-school pop and rock, with Beach Boys harmonies and even gypsy-style swing flavoring the usual hopped-up confessions. The group's old lyricist, Ryan Ross, is gone; these songs are missing some of the hyper mall-rat poetry that made Panic's first two albums such daffy fun. But the arrangements are tight, even when the songs get baroque: Check "Nearly Witches," which mixes funk, Fifties horror-movie kitsch and a children's choir to ridiculous – and sublime – effect. J.R.

Key Track: "Ready to Go (Get Me Out of My Mind)"

Broken Bells

★★★

Meyrin Fields *Columbia*

Two-man supergroup keeps momentum on tricked-out EP



James Mercer and Danger Mouse are first-class astral geeks. And on last year's *Broken Bells*, the Shins frontman and the hip-hop surrealist came up with melancholic psychedelic folk hop – somewhere between *Pet Sounds* and *De La Soul Is Dead*. This EP suggests their one-off is a full-on "project." Mercer rolls out bright, mussy melodies and turns up his guitar a little, and D.M. decks out his tunes with elegiac surf guitar, computer funk and clouds of candy noise – it's otherworldly but still heart-tugging. "The oddity is aching," Mercer sings; it could be a Bells-tour T-shirt slogan, though these guys seem happiest in their studio bunker. J.D.

Key Tracks: "Meyrin Fields," "Heartless Empire"

PAUL SIMON PRIVATE PHOTO COLLECTION

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

NEW STRAWBERRY REMIX™

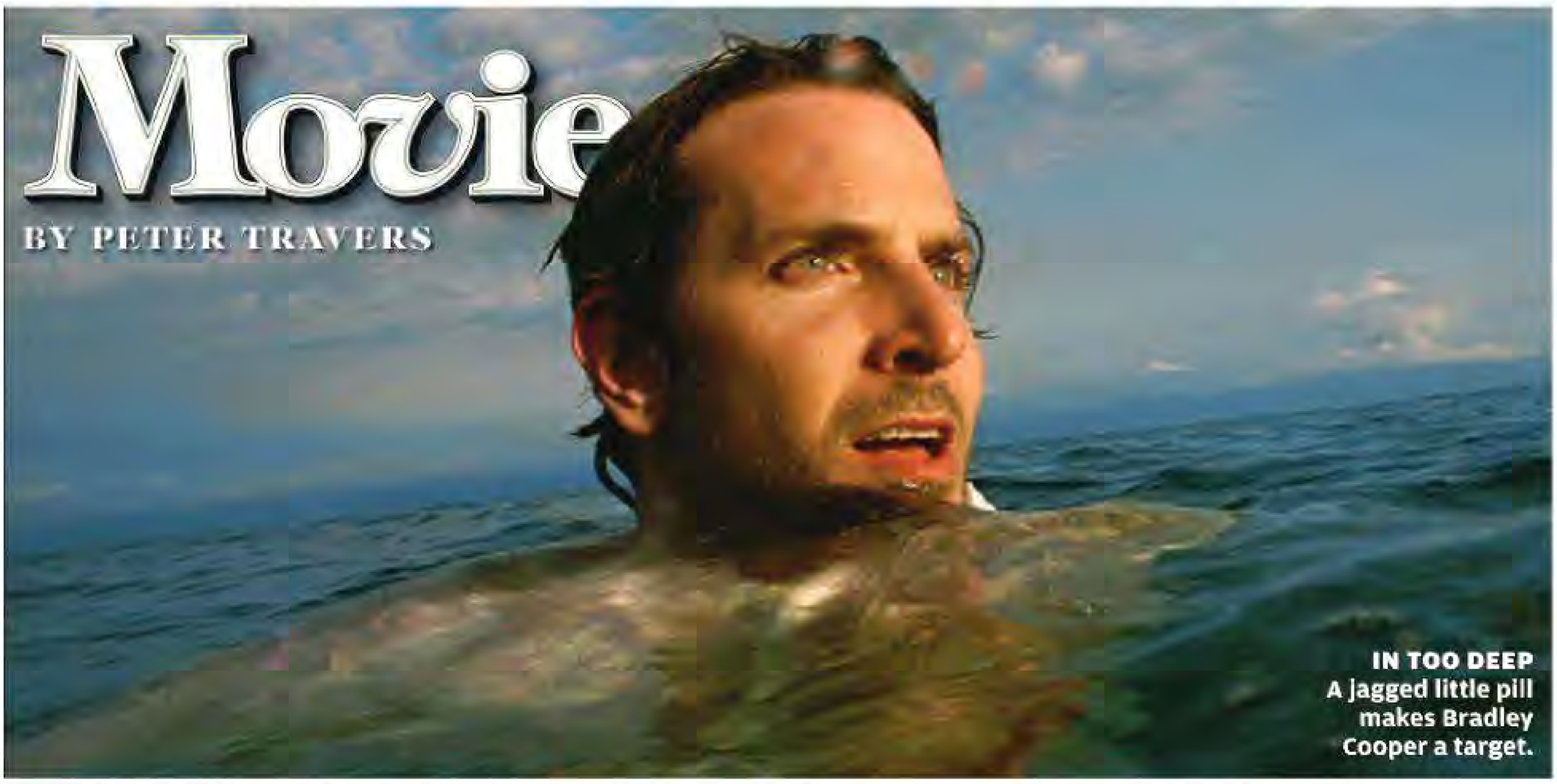
YOU'VE NEVER HAD FRUIT FLAVOR LIKE THIS FROM ORBIT®



Find us at facebook.com/orbitgum

©2011 Wm. Wrigley Jr. Company. All Rights Reserved. Orbit, Orbit O design, Tropical Remix, Strawberry Remix and the Wm. Wrigley Jr. Company Logo are trademarks of the Wm. Wrigley Jr. Company.
Artificially flavored.
StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format
Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

BY PETER TRAVERS



IN TOO DEEP
A jagged little pill makes Bradley Cooper a target.

Swimming With Narcs

Bradley Cooper's killer thriller spins on a smart drug that fires your brain on all cylinders

Limitless ★★★

Bradley Cooper, Robert De Niro, Abbie Cornish

Directed by Neil Burger

YOU KNOW HOW SCIENCE says we can access only 20 percent of our brain? Well, Eddie Morra, the blocked writer Bradley Cooper plays with bracing humor and bruised heart in *Limitless*, ups his ante to 100 percent. And suddenly he's a writing machine, a linguist, a lady-killer, a wolf of Wall Street and a man possessed. All thanks to a jagged little pill called NZT. It's illegal, of course, and scarce even at $600 a pop. Push it close to OD level, and chunks of your memory go *poof!* Try to go cold turkey, and your head will threaten to explode. *Limitless* hits you like an adrenaline rush that will have you saying, "I'll have what he's having."

That's the thing about a popcorn thriller that really pops. You access way less than 20 percent of your brain and go with the hot, hedonistic flow. Cooper comes out swinging, spreading charm and sex appeal over the monster Eddie is becoming. And director Neil Burger (*The Illusionist*) matches his intensity. Working from the spiky script Leslie Dixon carved out of Alan Glynn's 2001 novel *The Dark Fields*, Burger rides this escapist fantasy hard and in high style. Robert De Niro, in an expensive haircut that doesn't quite hide a thug's smile, adds menace as Carl Van Loon (love the name), a corporate mogul who wants to know where Eddie is getting his mojo. And Abbie Cornish blends passion found and lost into one lovely package. Still, this is Cooper's show, and the *Hangover* star treats Eddie like a role to feast on, which he does with gusto. He catches all the drab self-loathing of a New York writer infamous for his failure to launch. The NZT provided by a friend who is promptly murdered is his ticket out, as long as his supply lasts. Enter the narcs, followed by higher forces eager to exploit the next big thing. The script sets up a witty premise that a few real-world cultural wunderkinds may have their own NZT. I never said you, Mark Zuckerberg.

OK, *Limitless* does have its limits. The plot hits some nasty speed bumps, and the ending is rote. But getting there is terrific, mind-bending fun. Watching Eddie flex his brain cells delivers a kick on par with Spider-Man testing his skills with small skips and jumps until he is leaping across rooftops. Take note: The pill isn't magic, it can only bring out the smarts you already possess. The real housewives of Nip/Tuck USA will still have a struggle. That makes *Limitless* a potent provocation for the Age of Adderall. It's a wet dream for anyone who's ever dreamed of getting an edge on the information highway. The worst side effect is that you won't believe a word of the damn thing in the morning. Fair exchange.

Mildred Pierce ★★★★

Kate Winslet, Evan Rachel Wood, Melissa Leo

Directed by Todd Haynes

What can you say in a few words about a five-hour HBO miniseries adapted from James M. Cain's landmark 1941 novel that follows the rise and fall of an independent Los Angeles woman during the Great Depression? Let's try "perfection," which is what director Todd Haynes (*Far From Heaven*) achieves in his loyal, lyrical adaptation. Apply "magnificent" to the tour de force Kate Winslet delivers in the title role, a divorced mother who climbs from waitress to tycoon. Joan Crawford won her only Oscar playing Mildred in the 1945 film version. But Haynes and co-writer Jon Raymond hunt bigger game by dropping the murder plot to re-create a time and place that uncannily reflect our own. The acting is as good as it gets. As Mildred's daughter Veda, born with musical talent but no soul, Evan Rachel Wood is scary fine, as is Morgan Turner as the younger Veda. Melissa Leo and Mare Winningham shine as Mildred's female allies. And Brian F. O'Byrne, James LeGros and the amazing Guy Pearce play the men Mildred substitutes for the love she craves from Veda. This is classic filmmaking.



Haynes and Winslet

FROM TOP: RELATIVITY MEDIA; ANDREW SCHWARTZ/HBO

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

The Lincoln Lawyer ★★★

Matthew McConaughey

Directed by Brad Furman

CONFESSION: I'M ADDICTED to the crime fiction of Michael Connelly, with a bullet next to the page-turners featuring attorney Mickey Haller, defender of desperate scumbags and the occasional lost cause. So why was I hesitant about seeing the movie version of *The Lincoln Lawyer*, the first of the four Haller novels Connelly has written so far? (*The Fifth Witness* will be published in April, and it's a corker.) Because Hollywood is infamous for screwing up sure things. Look what they did to James Patterson's Alex Cross mysteries.

OK. Pause. Deep breath. *The Lincoln Lawyer* onscreen is a slam-bang twister of a legal thriller, full of whiplash energy, tasty acting and – huge credit to director Brad Furman (*The Take*) and cinematographer Lukas Ettlin – a decadent, scuzzy sense of Los Angeles as a perfect hell for the beautiful and the damned.

Best of all, a dynamite Matthew McConaughey gives his best performance in years as Mick, wearing the character like a second skin. To save money on an office, Mick works out of the back seat of his Lincoln Continental, chauffeured Miss Daisy-style by Earl (Laurence Mason), in lieu of legal fees. Mick has an ex-wife, Maggie (a memorably fierce Marisa Tomei), who works for the DA (Josh Lucas); an eight-year-old daughter he barely sees; and something he tries to hide: a working conscience.

Guilt eats at Mick over a former client (Michael Peña) doing time for a crime that might have involved Louis Roulet (Ryan Phillippe), the realtor stud he is currently defending for attempted rape and murder. Phillippe excels at suggesting the sins that pretty can conceal. There are also juicy turns from the great William H. Macy as Mick's investigator, John Leguizamo as a hustling bail bondsman and Bryan Cranston as a detective who enjoys riding Mick. *The Lincoln Lawyer* keeps springing surprises. Maybe too many. Screenwriter John Romano (TV's *Monk*) has the unenviable task of packing Connelly's dense novel into a two-hour movie. Potholes? Yes. Dead ends? No. This is rock-solid entertainment. McConaughey, a cunning mesmerizer in the courtroom, steers this *Lincoln* into what could be a hell-raising franchise. More, please. Soon.



1



2



3

MEN ON THE VERGE OF A BREAKDOWN (1) Legal eagle Matthew McConaughey roughs up crooked bondsman John Leguizamo in *The Lincoln Lawyer*. (2) Brit sci-fi enthusiast Simon Pegg picks up a smartass alien, voiced by Seth Rogen, in *Paul*. (3) Lawyer Paul Giamatti coaches high school wrestler Alex Shaffer in *Win Win*.

Paul ★★★

Simon Pegg, Nick Frost, Seth Rogen (voice of Paul)

Directed by Greg Mottola

TWO BRIT SCI-FI JUNKIES make a pilgrimage to San Diego's Comic-Con, then take off in an RV to tour UFO hot spots from Roswell to Area 51. Enter Paul, an alien in shorts and flip-flops with the raucous growl of Seth Rogen. Paul has just fled the feds, who've held him captive since before Spielberg shot *E.T.* It's a flimsy premise, but *Paul* flies on the comic helium provided by gifted actor-writers Simon Pegg and Nick Frost. If you never saw these wonder-boys in *Shaun of the Dead* and *Hot Fuzz*, get busy. Or just start with *Paul*, a cheeky spoof that puts a hilarious hurt to everything it loves, be it Golem or the *Close Encounters* mothership.

Frost plays unsuccessful sci-fi writer Clive Gollings, and Pegg is Graeme Willy, the BFF who illustrated Clive's book with a three-boobed creature babe. Director Greg Mottola (*Superbad, Adventureland*), in for Edgar Wright, who helmed the first two Pegg-Frost epics, makes the most of a zany cast, including Jason Bateman and Bill Hader as men-in-black agents, and the pricelessly funny Kristen Wiig as Ruth Buggs, a fundamentalist Christian with a yen for Graeme's willy and a dirty mouth honed under Paul's tutelage. "Ain't that a bagful of tits," says Ruth. *Paul* is more like a bagful of giggles. Rogen is a nonstop hoot, but it's the byplay between Frost and Pegg that roots the laughs in characters we care about. That's right: characters. No anal probes.

Win Win ★★★½

Paul Giamatti, Amy Ryan

Directed by Tom McCarthy

DIRECTOR TOM MCCARTHY is some kind of wizard. In his hands, simple stories (*The Station Agent, The Visitor*) take on the gritty texture and emotional heft of life as it's lived, not contoured by Hollywood. *Win Win*, which he wrote with Joe Tiboni, is McCarthy's latest gem, hilarious and heartfelt with a tough core that repels all things sappy. Paul Giamatti gives a master class in acting as Mike Flaherty, a New Jersey lawyer specializing in elder care and, lately, in cutting corners. With the economy squeezing Mike's life with wife Jackie (the ever-wondrous Amy Ryan) and their two kids, he takes on the guardianship of near-demented Leo (Burt Young) with no intention of earning his monthly fee. When Leo's junkie daughter, Cindy (Melanie Lynskey), drops in from Ohio looking for Leo's cash, Mike fights back.

But who's more selfish? Mike uses Cindy's alienated son, Kyle (Alex Shaffer), to boost his case and the losing high school wrestling team he coaches with his friend Terry (a superb Bobby Cannavale). Newcomer Shaffer is an expert wrestler, and it shows; so does his natural talent. His scenes with Giamatti floor you. Nothing fancy – that's not McCarthy's style. Neither is phony rah-rah. This movie wins you over, head and heart, without cheating. It's just about perfect.

FROM TOP: SAEED ADYANI/LIONSGATE; DOUBLE NEGATIVE/UNIVERSAL PICTURES; KIMBERLY WRIGHT/FOX SEARCHLIGHT

[*Cont. from 59*] of Rosoboron. The giant exhibit was like a souk for arms dealers, with scores of Russian generals in full-dress uniform meeting with businessmen and sheiks. Finally, on the last day, Packouz was given an appointment. The deputy director looked like he was ex-KGB – big and fat, in his sixties, with thick square glasses. As Packouz spoke, the man kept surveying the pavilion out of the corner of his eye, as if he were checking to see if he was being watched. Packouz showed him the list of munitions he needed, along with the quantities. The director raised his eyebrows, impressed by the scale of the operation.

"We have very good interest in this business," he said in a thick Russian accent. "You know we are only company who can provide everything."

"I'm aware of that," Packouz said. "That's why we want to do business with you."

"But as you know, there is problem. State Department has blacklist us. I don't understand your goverument. One month is OK to do business, next month is not OK. This is very not fair. Very political. They just want leverage in dealing with Kremlin."

"I know we can't do business with you directly," Packouz said. Then he hinted that there was a way to get around the blacklist. "If you can help us do business with another Russian company, then we can buy from them."

"Let me talk to my people," the Russian said, taking one of Packouz's newly printed business cards.

It was the last Packouz ever heard from the Russian. Several weeks later, as he was arranging supply routes for the deal, Packouz was informed that AEY would not be given overflight permission for Turkmenistan, a former Soviet satellite that had to be crossed to reach Afghanistan. "It was clear that Putin was fucking with us directly," Packouz says. "If the Russians made life difficult for us, they would get taken off the American blacklist, so they could get our business for themselves."

Packouz managed to obtain the overflight permission through a Ukrainian airline – but the episode was an ominous reminder of how little he understood about the business he was in. "There was no way to really know why the heads of state were doing things, especially when it came to something like invading Iraq," he says. "It was such a deep game, we didn't know what was really happening."

WITH THE FLIGHTS TO KABUL arranged, Packouz hit the phones looking for more ammunition. The cheaper the better: The less the ammo cost, the more he and Diveroli would pocket for themselves. They didn't need quality; antique shells, second-rate mortar rounds – all of it was fine, as long as it worked. "Please be advised there is no age restriction for this contract!!!" AEY advised one potential supplier in an e-mail. "ANY age ammunition is acceptable."

Of course, if the Pentagon really cared about the Afghan National Army, it could have supplied them with more expensive, and reliable, state-of-the-art weapons. The Bush administration's ambivalence about Afghanistan had manifested itself in the terms of the contract: The soldiers of Kabul and Kandahar would not be abandoned in the field, but nor would they be given the tools to succeed.

Packouz sat on the couch in Diveroli's apartment, bong and lighter handy, and called U.S. Embassies in the "stans" – the former Soviet satellites – and asked to speak to the defense attache. Deepening his voice and adopting a clipped military inflection, Packouz chatted them up, made them laugh, asked about how things were in Kazakhstan, described how sunny it was in Miami. Whenever possible, he threw in military lingo designed to appeal to the officers: He was working on an essential contract in the War on Terror, he explained, and the United States military was counting on AEY to complete the mission. "I said it was part of the vital process of nation building in the central front of the War on Terror," Packouz recalls. "Then I would tell them the specifics of what I was after – mortar rounds, the size of ammo, the amount. They were all eager to help."

Packouz's heart sank. The rusty containers holding the ammunition – known as "sardine cans" – were covered in Chinese markings.

Every day, Packouz spoke with military officials, sending volleys of e-mails to Kabul and Kyrgyzstan and the Army depot in Rock Island. The contracting officers he dealt with told him that there was a secret agenda involved in the deal. The Pentagon, they said, was worried that a Democrat would be elected president in 2008 and cut the funding for the war – or worse, pull U.S. troops out of Afghanistan entirely.

"They said Bush and Rumsfeld were trying to arm Afghanistan with enough ammo to last them the next few decades," Packouz recalls. "It made sense to me, but I didn't really care. My main motivator was making money, just like it was for General Dynamics. Nobody goes into the arms business for altruistic purposes."

It didn't take long for AEY to strike cut-rate deals that vastly improved its profit margin. The nine percent planned for in the original bid was soon pushing toward 25 percent – enough to provide Packouz and Diveroli with nearly $85 million in profits. But even such a jaw-dropping sum didn't satisfy Diveroli. He scoured FedBizOpps for even more contracts and landed a private deal to import Lithuanian ammo, determined to turn AEY into a multibillion-dollar company.

To cope with the increased business, AEY leased space in a larger and more expensive office building in Miami Beach. The company hired an office manager and two young secretaries they found on Craigslist. Diveroli brought in two more friends from the synagogue, including a guy fluent in Russian, to help fulfill the contracts. "Things were rolling along," Packouz recalls. "We were delivering on a consistent basis. We had suppliers in Hungary and Bulgaria and other countries. I had finally arranged all the overflight permits. We were cash positive."

Packouz had yet to be paid a cent, but he was convinced he was about to be seriously rich. Anticipating the big payday, he ditched his beater Mazda for a brand-new Audi A4. He moved from his tiny efficiency apartment to a nice one-bedroom overlooking the pool at the Flamingo in fashionable South Beach. Diveroli soon followed, taking a two-bedroom in the central tower. It was convenient for both – their drug dealer, Raoul, lived in the complex.

"The Flamingo was a constant party," Packouz says. "The marketing slogan for the building was 'South Beach revolves around us,' and it was true. There was drinking, dancing, people making out in the Jacuzzi – sometimes more than just making out. Outside my balcony there was always at least a few women sunbathing topless. People at parties would ask us what we did for a living. The girls were models or cosmetologists. The guys were stockbrokers and lawyers. We would say we were international arms dealers. 'You know the war in Afghanistan?' we would say. 'All the bullets are coming from us.' It was heaven. It was wild. We felt like we were on top of the world."

In the evenings, Packouz and Diveroli would get high and go to the American Range and Gun Shop – the only range near Miami that would let them fire off the Uzis and MP5s that Diveroli was licensed to own. "When we let go with our machine guns, all the other shoot-

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

ers would stop and look at us like, 'What the fuck was that?' Everyone else had pistols going *pop pop*. We loved it. Shooting an automatic machine gun feels powerful."

THE BIGGEST PIECE OF THE AFghan contract, in terms of sheer quantity, was ammunition for AK-47s. Packouz had received excellent quotes from suppliers in Hungary and the Czech Republic. But Diveroli insisted on using the Swiss arms dealer Heinrich Thomet's high-level contacts in Albania. The move made sense. The Albanians didn't require a large deposit as a down payment, which made it easier for AEY to place big orders. And Albania's government could certainly handle the volume: Its paranoid communist leaders had been so convinced they were going to be attacked by foreign powers that they had effectively transformed the nation into a vast military stockpile, with bunkers scattered throughout the countryside. In fact, AK-47 ammunition was so plentiful that Albania's president had recently flown to Baghdad and offered to donate millions of rounds to Gen. David Petraeus.

The structure for AEY's purchase of the Albanian ammo was standard in the world of illegal arms deals, where the whole point is to disguise origins and end-users. It was perfectly legal, but it had the stench of double-dealing. A shell company called Evdin, which Thomet had incorporated in Cyprus, would buy the ammo from Albania's arms-exporting company. Evdin would then resell the rounds to AEY. That way Thomet got a cut as broker, and AEY and the U.S. government were insulated from any legal or moral quandaries that came with doing business in a country as notoriously corrupt and unpredictable as Albania.

There was only one snag: When Diveroli bid on the contract, he had miscalculated the cost of shipping, failing to anticipate the rising cost of fuel. The Army had given him permission to repackage the rounds into cardboard boxes, but getting anything done in a country as dysfunctional as Albania wasn't easy. So Diveroli dispatched another friend from their synagogue, Alex Podrizki, to the capital city of Tirana to oversee the details of fulfilling the deal.

Despite the hands-on approach, signs of trouble emerged immediately. When Podrizki went to look at a cache of ammunition in one bunker, it was apparent that the Albanians had a haphazard attitude about safety; they used an ax to open crates containing live rounds and lit cigarettes in a room filled with gunpowder. The ammunition itself, though decades old, seemed to be in working order, but the rounds were stored in rusty cans and stacked on rotting wooden pallets – not the protocol normally used for such dangerous materiel. Worst of all, Podrizki noticed that the steel containers holding the ammunition – known as "sardine cans" – were covered in Chinese markings. Podrizki called Packouz in Miami.

"I inspected the stuff and it seems good," Podrizki told him. "But dude, you know this is Chinese ammo, right?"

"What are you talking about?" Packouz said.

"The ammo is Chinese."

"How do you know it's Chinese?"

"There are Chinese markings all over the crates."

Packouz's heart sank. There was not only an embargo against selling weapons manufactured in China: The Afghan contract specifically stipulated that Chinese ammo was not permitted. Then again, maybe AEY could argue that the ammunition didn't violate the ban, since it had been imported to Albania decades before the embargo was imposed, back when Albania's communist government had forged an alliance with Mao. There was precedent for such an argument: Only the year before, the Army had been delighted with Chinese ammo that AEY had shipped from Albania. But this time, when Diveroli wrote the State Department's legal advisory desk to ask if he could use Chinese rounds made prior to the embargo, he received a curt and unequivocal reply: not without a presidential decree.



THE MONEY MAN
Ralph Merrill, the Mormon machine-gun manufacturer who helped finance AEY's contract with the Pentagon

Given the deadline on the contract, there was no time to find another supplier. The Hungarians could fill half the deal, but the ammunition would not be ready for shipment until the fall; the Czechs could fill the entire order, but they wanted $1 million. Any delay would risk losing the entire contract. "The Army was pushing us for the ammo," says Packouz. "They needed it ASAP."

So the two friends chose a third option. As arms dealers, subverting the law wasn't some sort of extreme scenario – it was a routine part of the business. There was even a term of art for it: *circumvention*. Packouz e-mailed Podrizki in Albania and instructed him to have the rounds repackaged to get rid of any Chinese markings. It was time to circumvent.

Alone in a strange city, Podrizki improvised. He picked up a phone book and found a cardboard-box manufacturer named Kosta Trebicka. The two men met at a bar near the Sky Tower in the center of town. Trebicka was in his late forties, a wiry and intense man with thick worker's hands. He told Podrizki that he could supply cardboard boxes strong enough to hold the ammunition, as well as the labor to transfer the rounds to new pallets. A week later, Podrizki called to ask if Trebicka could hire enough men to repack 100 million rounds of ammunition by taking them out of metal sardine cans and placing them in cardboard boxes. Trebicka thought the request exceedingly odd. Why go to all that trouble? Podrizki fibbed, saying it was to lighten the load and save money on air freight. After extended haggling with Diveroli back in Miami, Trebicka agreed to do the job for $280,000 and hired a team of men to begin repackaging the rounds.

As he worked at the warehouse, however, Trebicka grew even more suspicious. Concerned that something nefarious was happening, he called the U.S. Embassy and met with the economic attache. Over coffee at a cafe called Chocolate, Trebicka confided that the ammunition was covered in Chinese markings. Was that a problem? Not at all, the U.S. official replied. The embassy had been trying to find the money to pay for demolishing the ammunition, so sending the rounds to Afghanistan would actually do them a favor. AEY appeared to be in the clear.

But greed got the better of Diveroli. In a phone call from Miami, he asked Trebicka to use his contacts in the Albanian government to find out how much Thomet was paying the Albanians for the ammunition. AEY was giving the Swiss arms broker just over four cents per round and reselling them to the Pentagon for 10 cents. But Diveroli suspected that Thomet was ripping him off.

He turned out to be right. A few days later, Trebicka reported that Thomet was paying the Albanians only two cents per round – meaning that he was charging AEY double the asking price, just for serving as a broker. Diveroli was enraged. He asked Trebicka to meet with his Albanian connections and find a way to cut Thomet out of the deal entirely.

Store Mags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

DAVE GARBURY

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

Trebicka was happy to help. The Albanians, he thought, would be glad to deal with AEY directly. After all, by doing an end run around Thomet, there would be more money for everyone else. But when Trebicka met with the Albanian defense minister, his intervention had the opposite effect: The Albanians cut him out of the deal, informing AEY that the repackaging job would be completed instead by a friend of the prime minister's son. What Trebicka had failed to grasp was that Thomet was paying a kickback to the Albanians from the large margin he was making on the deal. Getting rid of Thomet was impossible, because that was how the Albanians were being paid off the books.

Diveroli flew to Albania and tried to intervene to help Trebicka keep the job, but he didn't have enough clout to get the decision reversed. Trebicka was stuck with the tab for the workers he had hired to repackage the rounds, along with a warehouse full of useless cardboard boxes he had printed to hold the ammo. Furious at being frozen out, he called Diveroli and secretly recorded the conversation, threatening to tell the CIA what he knew about the deal. "If the Albanians want to still work with me, I will not open my mouth," he promised. "I will do whatever you tell me to do."

Diveroli suggested that Trebicka try bribing Ylli Pinari, the head of the Albanian arms-exporting agency that was supplying the ammunition. "Why don't you kiss Pinari's ass one more time," Diveroli said. "Call him up. Beg. Kiss him. Send one of your girls to fuck him. Let's get him happy. Maybe we can play on his fears. Or give him a little money, something in his pocket. And he's not going to get much – $20,000 from you."

When Trebicka complained about being muscled out of the deal, Diveroli said there was nothing he could do about it. There were too many thugs involved on the Albanian end of the deal, and it was just too dangerous. "It went up higher, to the prime minister and his son," Diveroli said. "This mafia is too strong for me. I can't fight this mafia. It got too big. The animals just got too out of control."

WITH THINGS UP IN THE AIR in Albania, Packouz was starting to feel the pressure. He was stressed out, working around the clock, negotiating multimillion-dollar purchases and arranging for transportation. It felt like AEY was under siege from all directions. So when the cargo plane had finally taken off from Hungary on its way to Kabul loaded with 5 million rounds of ammunition, Packouz had breathed a sigh of relief. Then the plane had been abruptly seized in Kyrgyzstan – and Packouz had been forced to swing into action once more, working the phones for weeks to get the ammo released. Fortunately, AEY had friends in high places. When Packouz contacted the U.S. Embassy in Kyrgyzstan, the military attache immediately wrote to the Kyrgyz government, explaining that the cargo was "urgently needed for the war on terrorism being fought by your neighboring Afghan forces." Two weeks later, Defense Secretary Robert Gates traveled to Kyrgyzstan on a mission to keep supplies flowing through the airport there. Under pressure from top U.S. officials, the ammo was eventually released.

"I never did find out what really happened, or why the plane was seized," says Packouz. "It was how things were done in international arms dealing. The defense industry and politics were extremely intertwined – you couldn't do business in one without dealing with the other. Your fate depended on political machinations behind the scenes. You don't even know whose side you were on – who you were helping and who you were hurting."

With the plane released and the Albanian supply line secured, Packouz and Diveroli thought they finally had everything under control. Cargo planes filled with ammunition were taking off from airports across Eastern Europe. The military officials receiving the ammo in Kabul had to know it was Chinese: Every round is stamped with the place of manufacture, as any soldier knows. But the shipments were routinely approved, and there were no complaints from the Afghans about the quality of the rounds. The ammo worked, and that was all that mattered. Millions of dollars were being transferred via wire from the Pentagon into AEY's accounts, and the $300 million contract was moving along smoothly. Diveroli was rich. Packouz was going to be rich. They had it made.

But it didn't take long for success to drive a wedge between the two friends. The exhausted Packouz no longer had to work 18 hours a day to track down suppliers. He started coming in late and knocking off early. Diveroli, who owed him commission but had yet to cut a check to his partner, started to argue with him about his hours.

"Efraim started looking at me differently," Packouz says. "I could tell he was working things over in his head. There was real money in the bank – millions and millions. He was about to be forced to pay me a huge chunk of change. He said he didn't want to 'give' me all that money. That was how he put it. Not like I had earned the money."

One day, Diveroli finally made his move. He wanted to renegotiate the deal. Packouz knew he was in a bad bargaining position. The money coming in from the Army went directly to AEY. Packouz had no written contract with Diveroli, only an oral agreement. The handshake deal they had made was worth just that – a handshake.

In an effort to protect his interests, Packouz demanded a meeting with lawyers present. Before the session, the two friends had a quick exchange.

"Listen, dude, if you fuck me, I'm going to fuck you," Packouz warned.

"Whatever," said Diveroli.

"It's going to be war," Packouz said. Then he played his trump card. "You don't want the IRS starting to come and look around."

Diveroli's face went white.

"Calm down," Diveroli said. "Don't throw around three-letter words like IRS. We can find a settlement."

"I know all of your contacts, and I can send them the actual documents showing what the government is paying," Packouz said. "You'll lose your entire profit margin."

"Take it easy," said Diveroli.

"We both know you're delivering Chinese," Packouz said.

A deal was struck, with Packouz agreeing to a fraction of the commission he had been promised. He figured he had something more precious than money: He knew how to work FedBizOpps. To compete with his former partner, he opened up his own one-man shop, Dynacore Industries, claiming on his website that his "staff" had done business with the State Department, the Pentagon, and the Iraqi and Afghan armies. "Sometimes you have to fake it until you make it," Packouz says. "People won't do business with you unless you have experience, but how can you get experience if they won't do business with you? Everyone has got to lie sometimes." Fearing that Diveroli might decide it was cheaper to have him killed than to pay him, Packouz also bought a .357 revolver as insurance.

IT TURNED OUT THAT PACKOUZ HAD bigger things to worry about. Winning the Afghan contract had earned AEY powerful enemies in the industry. One American arms dealer had complained to the State Department, claiming that AEY was buying Chinese-made AK-47s and shipping them to the Iraqi army. The allegation was false, but it had apparently triggered a criminal investigation by the Pentagon. On August 23rd, 2007 – the very day Packouz was supposed to sign the settlement papers with Diveroli – federal agents raided AEY's offices in Miami Beach. Ordering everyone to step away from their computers, the agents seized all of the company's hard drives and files.

The raid led agents directly to the e-mails about the Chinese markings on the ammunition from Albania, and the conspiracy to repackage it. "The e-mails

were incredibly incriminating – they spelled out everything," Packouz says. "I knew once they saw them we were in trouble. We were so stupid. If we didn't e-mail, we could probably have denied the whole thing. But there were the names and dates. It was undeniable. I realized I was going to get caught no matter what I did, so I turned myself in. When the agents came to my lawyer's office to interview me, they were joking about how they had seen all the e-mails and notes. They were laughing."

To avoid indictment, Packouz agreed to cooperate, as did Alex Podrizki. But Diveroli went right on shipping Chinese ammo to Afghanistan – and the Army went right on accepting it. By now, though, the repackaging being done in Albania was getting even sloppier. Some of the crates were infested with termites, and the ammunition had been damaged by water. Tipped off by an attorney for Kosta Trebicka, who had begun a crusade against corruption in Albania, *The New York Times* ran a front-page story in March 2008 entitled "Supplier Under Scrutiny on Arms for Afghans."

Before the *Times* story ran, Packouz had been led to believe that he wasn't going to be charged for shipping pre-embargo Chinese ammunition. But after the article appeared, he and Podrizki and Diveroli were indicted on 71 counts of fraud. Faced with overwhelming evidence, all pleaded guilty. The Mormon gun manufacturer from Utah, Ralph Merrill, pleaded not guilty and was convicted in December. Heinrich Thomet simply vanished; according to rumors, he was last seen somewhere in Bosnia.

After the story broke, Kosta Trebicka traveled to the United States to talk to congressional investigators and federal prosecutors in Miami. He soon became terrified that the U.S. government was going to indict him as well. But back in Albania, he also became the lead witness in a case that targeted Albanian thugs and gangsters with ties to the prime minister. Then one afternoon in September 2008, Trebicka was killed in a mysterious "accident" when his truck somehow managed to flip over on a flat stretch of land outside Tirana. He was found alive by villagers, but medical crews and the police were slow to arrive. One of the first officials on the scene, in fact, was the Albanian prime minister's former bodyguard. "If it was an accident," says Erion Veliaj, an Albanian activist who worked with Trebicka, "it was a very strange kind."

Through all the chaos, Diveroli and Packouz had done a huge amount of business with the U.S. military. All told, AEY made 85 deliveries of munitions to Afghanistan worth more than $66 million, and had already received orders for another $100 million in ammunition. But the fiasco involved more than a couple of stoner kids who made a fortune in the arms trade. "The AEY contract can be viewed as a case study in what is wrong with the procurement process," an investigation by the House Committee on Oversight and Government Reform later concluded. There was a "questionable need for the contract," a "grossly inadequate assessment of AEY's qualifications" and "poor execution and oversight" of the contract. The Bush administration's push to outsource its wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, in short, had sent companies like AEY into the world of illegal arms dealers – but when things turned nasty, the federal government reacted with righteous indignation.

In January, Packouz was sentenced to seven months of house arrest after he stood before a federal judge in Miami and expressed his remorse for the "embarrassment, stress and heartache that I have caused." But his real regret is political: He believes that he and Diveroli were scapegoats, prosecuted not for breaking the law but for embarrassing the Bush administration. No one from the government has been charged in the case, even though officials in both the Pentagon and the State Department clearly knew that AEY was shipping Chinese-made ammunition to Afghanistan.

The Pentagon outsourced two wars, pushing firms like AEY into the illegal arms market – then reacted with indignation when things turned nasty.

"We were the Army's favorite contractors when we got the deal – poster boys for President Bush's small-business initiative," Packouz says. "We would have saved the government at least $50 million. We were living the American dream, until it turned into a nightmare."

IN JANUARY, DRESSED IN A TAN prison-issued jumper, Diveroli came before Judge Joan Lenard for sentencing at Miami's gleaming new federal courthouse. The court was packed with his friends and relatives, but they didn't exactly give him the support he was hoping for. "Efraim needs to go to jail," a local rabbi told the judge. Even Diveroli's mother concurred. "I know you hate me for saying this," she said, addressing her son directly, "but you need to go to jail." Diveroli's shoulders slumped.

Diveroli described his contrition to Judge Lenard. When prison guards saw his file, he said, they asked in amazement how such a young person had managed to win such a huge military contract. "I have no answer," Diveroli told the court. "I have had many experiences in my short life. I have done more than most people can dream of. But I would have done it differently. All the notoriety in my industry and all the good times – and there were some – cannot make up for the damage."

Judge Lenard gazed at Diveroli for a long time. "If it wasn't so amazing, you would laugh," she said. Then she sentenced him to four years.

The hearing was not the end of Diveroli's woes. As a convicted felon, he was barred from so much as holding a gun, let alone selling arms. But while he was awaiting sentencing on the fraud charges, Diveroli couldn't stay out of the business he loved. He contrived to act as a consultant to a licensed importer who wanted to buy Korean-made ammunition magazines. The deal was technically legal – the magazines only fed ammo into the guns, so Diveroli wasn't actually selling weapons – but it put him in the cross hairs of another federal sting operation.

An ATF agent posing as an arms dealer spent weeks trying to wheedle Diveroli into selling arms. Diveroli refused, but he couldn't resist bragging about his exploits; as agents recorded his every word, he talked about hunting alligators and hogs in the Everglades with a .50-caliber rifle. Finally, the ATF agent lured Diveroli to a meeting, asking him to bring along a gun so they could go shooting together. Diveroli didn't bring a weapon – he knew that would constitute a felony. But the ATF agent, who had thoughtfully brought along a gun of his own, handed Diveroli a Glock to try out.

The temptation was too much. Adopting his best tough-guy swagger, Diveroli cleared the chamber and inspected the weapon. As always, the 24-year-old arms dealer was the star of his own Hollywood movie. No matter what happened, he told the agent moments before his arrest, he would never leave the arms business.

"Once a gun runner," he boasted, "always a gun runner." RS

ROLLING STONE (ISSN 0035-791X) is published biweekly except for the first issue in July and at year's end, when two issues are combined and published as double issues, by Wenner Media LLC, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10104-0298.
The entire contents of ROLLING STONE are copyright © 2011 by ROLLING STONE LLC, and may not be reproduced in any manner, either in whole or in part, without written permission. All rights are reserved.
Canadian Goods and Service Tax Registration No. R125041855. International Publications Mail Sales Product Agreement No. 450553. The subscription price is $39.96 for one year. The Canadian subscription price is $52.00 for one year, including GST, payable in advance. Canadian Postmaster: Send address changes and returns to P.O. Box 63, Malton CFC, Mississauga, Ontario L4T 3B5. The foreign subscription price is $80.00 for one year, payable in advance. Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and additional mailing offices. Canada Poste publication agreement #40683192. Postmaster: Send address changes to ROLLING STONE Customer Service, P.O. Box 6003, Harlan, IA 51593-1503.

PEGG AND FROST

[*Cont. from 51*] it just made me so mad. 'Just do something wacky? That's how easy you think it is?' I thought, 'Right, I'll show you wacky,' and I opened the door and rolled out at 20 miles an hour. I had bruises all up me. It really fucking hurt."

Paul, the first film they've written together, is their broadest comedy, but it has a certain antagonistic streak. The film is relentlessly hard on fundamentalist Christianity, featuring a character (played by Wiig) who wears a T-shirt depicting Jesus shooting Charles Darwin in the head and whose blind faith is mockingly undone when she meets the titular alien. Pegg says the choice was born of storytelling, not politics: "Our interest was having a character whose religious belief was shattered on a dime." Pressed, he concedes an antipathy toward religion: "It's a psychosis that the Earth is still governed by these odd, superstitious fairy stories." *Paul*'s argument is that nerdishness constitutes its own noble religion of open-mindedness. "For Graeme and Clive" – the heroes – "the alien's appearance confirms their faith," Pegg says. "It entirely validates their lifestyle."

Not that it's Pegg and Frost's lifestyle these days. They have wives now and, in Pegg's case, a 20-month-old daughter. Lately, movie sets are where they get to hang. "On set, they're like siblings," says Greg Mottola, who directed *Paul*. "Inseparable, speaking in private code, then taking a break from each other 'cause they've been hanging out too much."

At home, "There's just not room for the action figures and comics anymore," Pegg says. He notes, however, with a mixture of pride and dread, that one of his daughter's first utterances was "R2-D2." "I thought, 'Oh, my God, I didn't mean to do it. But she's a fucking geek child!'"

THE HELICOPTER TOUCHES DOWN on the *Top Gear* racetrack, where an SUV awaits. We're driven to a track-side trailer abutted by a small parking lot where a Ferrari F430, a Range Rover and a BMW M3 sit gleaming. Across the racetrack, next to a hangar, there are three jets – "a Harrier, a Raptor and a DC-10," Frost says, nodding reverently. The *Top Gear* producers put Frost into a Kia to do his laps, then Pegg takes a turn. Frost enters the trailer and logs on to a live Web chat promoting *Paul*. He hunches over a laptop pretending to read aloud from the conversation: "Seven-year-old from Bristol, 'My father died, will you be my new daddy?' 'Go . . . fuck . . . yourself. . . .' Send!"

When Pegg is done, his best time is tabulated alongside Frost's: Frost put in a 1:44.5 lap; Pegg, 1:44.9. They're third and fourth on the *Top Gear* leader board, and footage of their driving will air that weekend. As we take the SUV back toward the helicopter, Pegg calls his wife to report the scores. "I'm so happy – I was hoping we'd come in close to each other," he tells her. Their wives have come to embrace the bromance as a fact of marriage. "Our wives call Nick and me Rain Man in exasperated moments, when we start repeating different iterations of the same joke over and over again," Pegg says. "Then they go off and sit in another room."

"Last night, my wife and I and Simon's wife and he were staying in interconnecting hotel suites, with a door that was locked," Frost says. "We got housekeeping to come and unlock it so we could run around – have a sleepover."

The helicopter takes off just after sunset. "This thing needs a Gatling gun!" Frost tells the pilot, nerves gone, sitting up front and mowing down imaginary victims in the grass below. The countryside gradually recedes, and the lights of London emerge through clouds. The pilot asks Pegg and Frost if they're comfortable disembarking with the blades spinning.

"You mean like commandos?" Pegg asks. "Definitely!"

The skids touch down, and Frost flings the door open. The two crouch low and hold their arms over their heads, grinning as they scurry across the tarmac. They don't look a thing like commandos.

HOWARD STERN

[*Cont. from 47*] other people's feelings. Therapy has opened up new sides to me. I'm more willing to explore areas that I didn't understand before with people. I was more one-dimensional, like Cro-Magnon in a way, banging people over the head in my early years. Sometimes when I hear the old shows broadcast, I want to cringe.

It actually seems like you've broadened your base now.

The sad part in it for me is that not everyone has Sirius. Instead of looking at the good – we started out with 600,000 people five years ago, and now we're at a company where we have 20 million and growing – I go, "But what about the guys who don't have Sirius?" And that is why I got excited about the new smartphone app, because all of a sudden, now it's like when the transistor radio came out. For a long time, people couldn't travel with us. Thank God for this technology. You can go to your gym now and hear the show. You can plug the phone into your car. The show is as accessible now, I feel, as it was on terrestrial radio. This is a game-changer for satellite.

Some fans get mad that you've changed, but those same people that got mad would also get bored if you stayed the same.

Absolutely. I get angry with performers like Rush Limbaugh who are just shills for the Republican Party. I'm not a big listener of his, but wouldn't he be a lot more interesting if once in a while he was for something that the Republican Party was against? I thought he had a real opportunity with that whole drug-addiction thing to maybe open up and say, "Man, I'm as confused as all of you." But, no, he has to keep the persona. He's an expert. He knows everything. It's boring. You've gotta grow. The audience has to feel that growth. There are so many guys doing the same act, like Sean Hannity. If Limbaugh was the one guy who started talking about his insecurities, then he'd have a following that would be 10 times the size. If you want to go to the next level, you gotta open up a whole bunch more. That's the secret for anybody who's considering a career in radio.

Some of your shows were eerily prophetic, especially when you're telling celebrities what's going to happen in their careers.

Those shows can bite you in the ass, too, because I think the war in Iraq is ridiculous, but you can hear old shows of me screaming, "Come on, we have to go to Iraq and blow everyone up." Oh, fuck, I sounded like an idiot.

When I pointed out how prophetic you were, your first instinct was to point out the times when you were wrong.

You're right, I tend to go to the ones where I was completely wrong, and I shudder to think how many of those are out there.

If you look at your life now, you're on radio and TV 24/7. You have a beautiful wife. You've succeeded in all your goals and are paid better than almost everyone, and yet you're still not happy. What would it take to make you happy?

I don't know. That's so complicated. There is an anger inside of me. Once in a while, I can douse it with some water, but it just never goes away. I don't know how to get rid of that.

Where do you think that anger came from?

I had something to prove to the world, to my father, to every woman that never fucked me. You know, everything. It was all over the place. I'm not saying I'm fully evolved now. I'm not Buddha. Sometimes it's hard for me to accept that I don't have every listener and I haven't written every good joke. I get competitive. But that's no way to live. I'm tired of walking around angry. It's a burden. And that's why I'm trying to find balance.

So what's the brass ring for you now?

Years ago, I would have answered to do another movie, or this or that thing. I'm not sure how to answer that. The brass ring is to actually find some balance. The whole idea of balance is to live with that anger or understand it, and somehow it dissipates. But I don't know if you ever get rid of it. I think that would be beautiful, but I don't know what it would take.

NEW YORK FILM ACADEMY

1-800-611-FILM | WWW.NYFA.EDU

LEARN FILMMAKING & ACTING FOR FILM

ONE-YEAR CONSERVATORY PROGRAMS

BACHELOR OF FINE ARTS
THREE-YEAR ACCELERATED PROGRAM

MASTER OF FINE ARTS

TWO-YEAR ASSOCIATE OF FINE ARTS

SHORT-TERM HANDS-ON INTENSIVE TOTAL IMMERSION WORKSHOPS ALSO AVAILABLE YEAR-ROUND

In the first year, each student writes, shoots, directs, and edits 8 films in the most intensive hands-on program in the world and works on the crew of 28 additional films

We proudly support the GI Bill, Post 9-11 GI Bill, Vocational Rehabilitation Program and the Yellow Ribbon Program

16mm • 35mm • Hi-Def • **RED ONE™ Camera** • Super 16mm • HDSLR

NEW YORK CITY
100 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10003
TEL: 212.674.4300 FAX: 212.477.1414
EMAIL: FILM@NYFA.EDU

UNIVERSAL STUDIOS, HOLLYWOOD
100 UNIVERSAL CITY PLAZA, BLDG 9128-179, UNIVERSAL CITY, CA 91608
TEL: 818.733.2600 FAX: 818.733.4074
EMAIL: STUDIOS@NYFA.EDU

ABU DHABI, UAE
MUROUR ROAD, E22, ABU DHABI, UAE
TEL: 971.2.446.6442 FAX: 971.2.443.1676
EMAIL: ABUDHABI@NYFA.EDU

All credits and degrees are solely granted by the New York Film Academy California. All degree programs take place on the backlot of Universal Studios, Hollywood
All workshops are solely owned and operated by the New York Film Academy and such workshops are not affiliated with Universal Studios.

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

ADVERTISEMENT

The SHOP

CELLPHONE COVER AND WALLET ALL IN ONE!

The Callet is the new "must have" for 2011. Combining your protective phone cover, credit cards, and wallet, the callet makes life easier for everyone. Available in Pink, Black, White, & Blue for ALL Iphone and Blackberry models

www.thecallet.com



DIVE BAR T-SHIRTS

Join the club and get a new T-shirt every month from the best bars you've never heard of!

www.DiveBarShirtClub.com



Design T-Shirts Online!

Get Creative! Make custom shirts for your event or team with our fun & easy design lab! Name-brand apparel, 30,000+ art library, extensive font selection. FREE shipping & all inclusive pricing. SAVE $10 on 6 or more items with code: Stone6. Experience A+ customer service at 877-402-2610 or visit us online at:

www.customink.com/stone



Think of It as a Full-Size Vac That Fits in Your Hand!

The all-new Metropolitan® 500 with its incredibly powerful 500-Watt motor actually provides more cleaning power than some full-size vacs! Makes deep cleaning the interior of any vehicle super fast and easy. It features a rugged steel body with elegant stainless finish, yet weighs less than 3 lbs! Includes all attachments. Made in USA. 1-800-822-1602

www.CarVacExcellence.com



10 CIGARS ONLY $24.95 + FREE SHIPPING - GUARANTEED FRESH

PREMIUM CIGARS - LOWEST PRICES
10 Brand Name Cigars up to 60% OFF MSRP. Rocky Patel, Perdomo, Oliva and More. $65 Value. Limited Supply - Free Catalog. Money Back Guarantee. 1-800-913-0433.

www.cigarplace.biz/stone



Rockabilia.com

With over 60,000 items to choose from, Rockabilia.com offers the largest selection of music merchandise you will find on the Web - period. From t-shirts, longsleeves & hoodies to posters, patches and rare collectables, you won't find this stuff any where else - trust us. Make us your source! Enter code PC213RS at checkout and receive 15% off your order through May 15, 2011. You may also place an order or request a free 120-page catalog at 1-952-556-1121.

www.rockabilia.com



Inhale The Future!

Accurate, Compact, Portable and Easy to Use, the New Vapir NO2 Portable Digital Vaporizer is The Most Talked About Vaporizer on The Market Today. Released in August 2010 it Has Already Been Very Positively Reviewed in Numerous Major Publications as Well as On-Line Websites. Already Enjoyed by Numerous Celebrities the NO2 Has Taken The Vaporizer Market by Storm! Can be Ordered via Phone Mon-Fri 9am-5pm PST - 1 800 841 1022 or On-line at

www.vapir.com



TAKE HER FOR A SPIN

Not your grandfather's hula girl! Pole Girl™ mounts instantly to your car or truck dashboard. She changes position, rotates and spins as you drive. Only $8.99. Use coupon code RS8 for a free air freshener insert.

www.SeeHerSpin.com



Outrider Jewelry

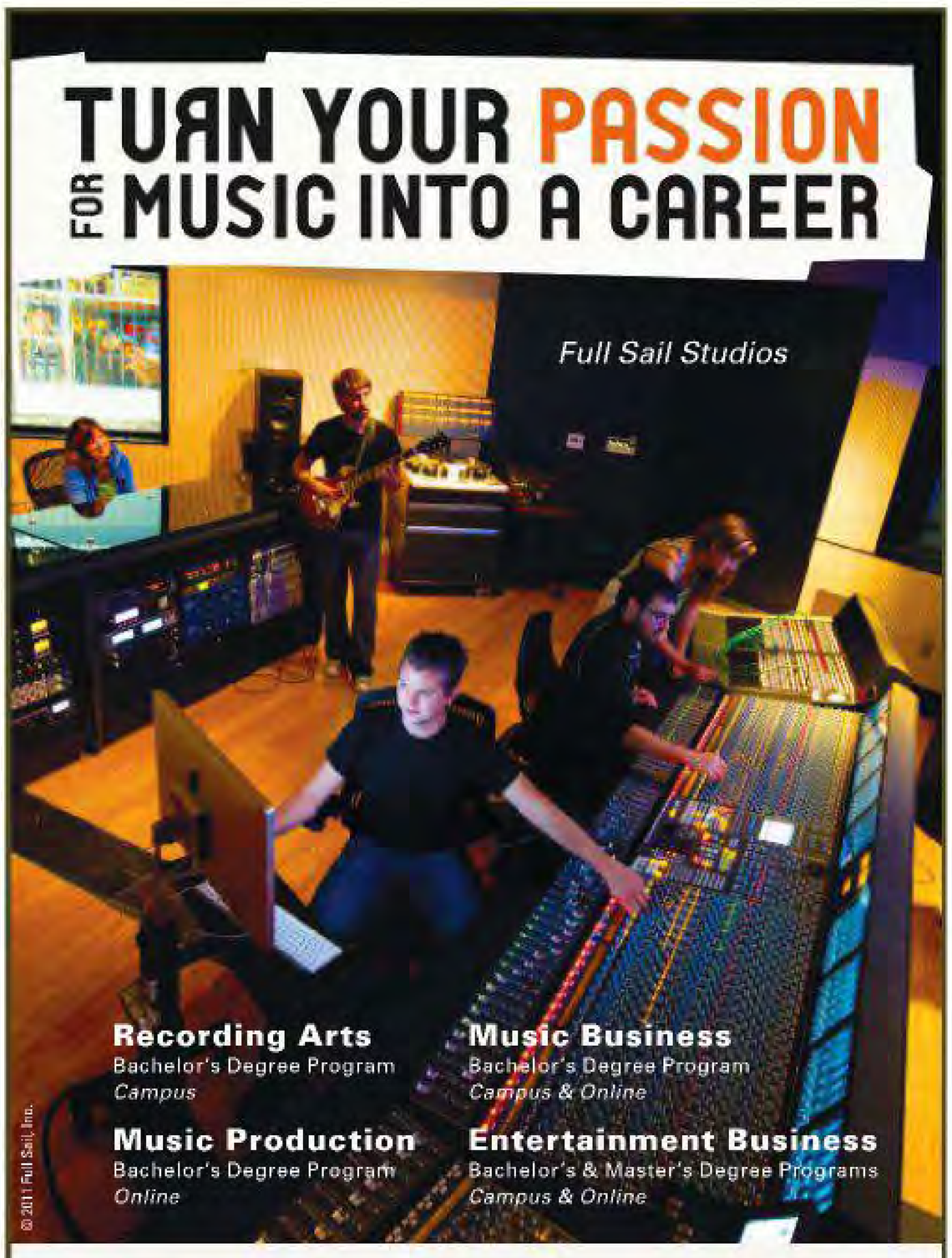
Heavy, fine quality hand made jewelry in sterling silver and 14k gold. This is the ring your grandkids will fight over. Available in sterling silver, 14 and 18 karat. 1-800-895-1244

www.Outriderj.com



StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format
Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

TURN YOUR PASSION FOR MUSIC INTO A CAREER



Recording Arts
Bachelor's Degree Program
Campus

Music Business
Bachelor's Degree Program
Campus & Online

Music Production
Bachelor's Degree Program
Online

Entertainment Business
Bachelor's & Master's Degree Programs
Campus & Online

© 2011 Full Sail, Inc.

Campus Degrees

Master's
Entertainment Business
Game Design

Bachelor's
Computer Animation
Digital Arts & Design
Entertainment Business
Film
Game Art
Game Development
▸ Music Business
▸ Recording Arts
▸ Show Production
Web Design & Development

Associate's
Graphic Design
▸ Recording Engineering

Online Degrees

Master's
Creative Writing
Education Media Design & Technology
Entertainment Business
Internet Marketing
Media Design
New Media Journalism

Bachelor's
Computer Animation
Creative Writing for Entertainment
Digital Cinematography
Entertainment Business
Game Art
Game Design
Graphic Design
Internet Marketing
Mobile Development
▸ Music Business
▸ Music Production
Sports Marketing & Media
Web Design & Development

FULL SAIL UNIVERSITY

fullsail.edu

Winter Park, FL
800.226.7625 • 3300 University Boulevard
Financial aid available to those who qualify • Career development assistance
Accredited University, ACCSC

Yes, you have time to earn your degree.

Yes, we know there are only 24 hours in a day.



WGU's competency-based education lets you progress through your online program as you prove your knowledge of it. You have the flexibility to keep living your life, while staying on target to meet your career goals. It's no wonder 94 percent of our graduates would recommend us.

WESTERN GOVERNORS UNIVERSITY

ONLINE. ACCELERATED. AFFORDABLE. ACCREDITED.

www.wgu.edu/rs | 1.800.470.6981

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

CHARTS

From the Vault

RS 29, March 15th, 1969



On the Cover: Janis Joplin

It is difficult to imagine a Bob Dylan or a John Lennon peppering an interview with constant nervous interjections of "Hey, I've never sung so great. Don't you think I'm better? Well, Jesus fucking Christ, I'm really better, believe me." But Janis seems that rare kind of personality who lacks the essential self-protective distancing that a singer of her fame and stature would appear to need. A CBS *60 Minutes* crew had come to opening night at the Fillmore East, and set up with the band and Janis. There sat Mike Wallace, cool and urbane, asking something like, "Can a white man sing the blues?" "I just looked at the camera and said, 'Fuck,'" Joplin says. "I did the interview, but I don't remember it, being stoned."

PAUL NELSON



Bob Dylan Wraps New LP

Bob Dylan has completed his next album and joined Johnny Cash for a duet or two. The recordings were done in the middle of February at the Columbia studios in Nashville, Tennessee, produced by Bob Johnston and using several of the same musicians who played on *John Wesley Harding*. Some of the song titles are "I Threw It All Away," "One More Night," "Country Pie" ("Anything like 'Honey Pie'?" "No, wish it was") and "Tell Me That It Isn't True." "I can't remember too much about how I wrote the new songs," Dylan says. "The new songs are easy to sing and there aren't too many words to remember."

JANN WENNER

FROM LEFT: MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES/GETTY IMAGES, 2

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format



Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

RECORD REVIEW



'Led Zeppelin': Blues Combo Dead on Arrival



Jimmy Page is, admittedly, an extraordinarily proficient blues guitarist and explorer of his instrument's electronic capabilities. Unfortunately, he is also a very limited producer and a writer of weak, unimaginative songs. The most representative cut is "How Many More Times." Here a jazzy introduction gives way to a driving guitar-dominated background for Robert Plant's strained and unconvincing shouting. Zeppelin has produced an album sadly reminiscent of the Jeff Beck Group's *Truth*. To fill the void created by the demise of Cream, they will have to find some material worthy of their collective attention.

JOHN MENDELSOHN

TOP 10 ALBUMS

1 **Glen Campbell**
Wichita Lineman – *Capitol*

2 **Cream**
Goodbye – *Atco*



3 **The Beatles**
The Beatles (White Album) – *Apple*

4 **The Association**
Greatest Hits – *Warner*

5 **Iron Butterfly**
Ball – *Atco*

6 **The Beatles**
Yellow Submarine – *Apple*

7 **Diana Ross and the Supremes with the Temptations**
TCB – *Motown*

8 **Tommy James and the Shondells**
Crimson and Clover – *Roulette*

9 **Blood, Sweat and Tears** Blood, Sweat and Tears – *Columbia*

10 **Tom Jones**
Help Yourself – *Parrot*

Glen's Groove

Campbell's first Number One LP (and sixth on the country charts) was named after his Jimmy Webb-penned hit about the loneliness of a telephone-pole worker.

The White Stuff

The Beatles' famously fractious sessions after returning from India resulted in this wildly eclectic double LP, which spent nine weeks at Number One.

Motown Royalty

On this 1968 TV-special soundtrack, the Motown titans mix their hits with Broadway show tunes and popular covers like "Mrs. Robinson."



TOP 10 SINGLES

1 **Tommy Roe**
"Dizzy" – *ABC*

2 **Creedence Clearwater Revival**
"Proud Mary" – *Fantasy*



3 **Sly and the Family Stone**
"Everyday People" – *Epic*

4 **The Foundations**
"Build Me Up Buttercup" – *Uni*

5 **Classics IV feat. Dennis Yost**
"Traces" – *Imperial*

6 **Tommy James and the Shondells**
"Crimson and Clover" – *Roulette*

7 **Dionne Warwick**
"This Girl's in Love With You" – *Scepter*

8 **1910 Fruitgum Co.**
"Indian Giver" – *Buddah*

9 **The Zombies**
"Time of the Season" – *Date*

10 **Jay and the Americans**
"This Magic Moment" – *United Artists*

Dizzy Rascal

Atlanta's Roe scored his first Number One since 1962 with this bubblegum tune, featuring a wall of violins and multiple key changes. It sold 4 million copies.

Stone-Cold Smash

Superfunky horns and a powerful call for racial equality helped make "Everyday People" Sly's first Number One hit earlier in 1969.



Living Dead

A year after the Zombies broke up, the psychedelic "Time of the Season," from their LP *Odessey and Oracle*, became a surprise hit.

FROM LEFT: GAB ARCHIVE/REDFERNS/GETTY IMAGES; EVERETT COLLECTION; RB/REDFERNS/GETTY IMAGES; MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES/GETTY IMAGES; KEITH WALDEGRAVE/REX USA



Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download in True PDF format

CHARTS

iTUNES TOP 10 SONGS

1 **Lady Gaga**
"Born This Way" - *Interscope*

2 **Jennifer Lopez**
"On the Floor" - *Island Def Jam*

3 **Cee Lo Green**
"Forget You" - *Elektra*

4 **Rihanna**
"S&M" - *Def Jam*

5 **Ke$ha**
"Blow" - *Kemosabe/RCA*

6 **Dr. Dre**
"I Need a Doctor" - *Aftermath*

7 **Pink**
"F**kin' Perfect" - *LaFace*

8 **Katy Perry**
"E.T. (feat. Kanye West)" - *Capitol*

9 **Adele**
"Rolling in the Deep" - *XL/Columbia*

10 **Britney Spears**
"Till the World Ends" - *Jive*

COPYRIGHT © 2011 ITUNES

COLLEGE RADIO TOP 10 ALBUMS

1 **Cut Copy**
Zonoscope - *Modular*

2 **Bright Eyes**
The People's Key - *Saddle Creek*

3 **Radiohead**
The King of Limbs - *TBD*

4 **Iron and Wine**
Kiss Each Other Clean - *Warner Bros.*

5 **Mogwai**
Hardcore Will Never Die, But You Will - *Sub Pop*

6 **Deerhoof**
Deerhoof vs. Evil - *Polyvinyl*

7 **PJ Harvey**
Let England Shake - *Vagrant*

8 **The Decemberists**
The King Is Dead - *Capitol*

9 **Toro Y Moi**
Underneath the Pine - *Carpark*

10 **Smith Westerns**
Dye It Blonde - *Fat Possum*

COPYRIGHT © 2011 CMJ NETWORK INC.

LOCAL FAVORITES

Top-selling albums for the week ending March 6th, 2011, at **Bull Moose, Portland, ME.**



1 **Dropkick Murphys**
Going Out in Style - *Born & Bred*

2 **Lucinda Williams**
Blessed - *Lost Highway*

3 **Adele**
21 - *XL/Columbia*

4 **Cam Groves**
Hope Something Cool Happens - *P Dank*

5 **Lykke Li**
Wounded Rhymes - *LL/Atlantic*

6 **The Decemberists**
The King Is Dead - *Capitol*

7 **Bright Eyes**
The People's Key - *Saddle Creek*

8 **PJ Harvey**
Let England Shake - *Vagrant*

9 **Florence and the Machine**
Lungs - *Universal Republic*

10 **The Low Anthem**
Smart Flesh - *Nonesuch*



Kick Out the Jams

The Boston punks' revved-up, Springsteen-assisted concept record about the life of a fictional Irish immigrant became their first album to hit *Billboard*'s Top 10, selling 43,000 copies its first week.

Rap Lobster

Maine rappers exist? Local artist Cam Groves' debut disc features stoner-friendly rhymes about crab cakes and suburban partying. Skip "Hot for a Heavy," though – it's as bad as it sounds.

Hail, Britannia!

Recorded in a 19th-century church, Harvey's first album since 2007 is a dark ode to her home country, setting evocative lyrics about suffering and war against jaunty guitar riffs and ominous saxophone blasts.

Top 40 Albums

1	1	**Adele**	21 - *XL/Columbia*
2	NEW	**Marsha Ambrosius**	Late Nights & Early Mornings - *J*
3	3	**Mumford & Sons**	Sigh No More - *Glassnote*
4	2	**Justin Bieber**	Never Say Never: The Remixes (EP) - *RBMG/Island*
5	4	**NOW 37**	Various Artists - *Universal/EMI/Sony Music*
6	NEW	**Dropkick Murphys**	Going Out in Style - *Born & Bred*
7	NEW	**Aaron Lewis**	Town Line (EP) - *Stroudavarious*
8	5	**Justin Bieber**	My World 2.0 - *RBMG/Island*
9	6	**Bruno Mars**	Doo-Wops & Hooligans - *Elektra*
10	12	**Pink**	Greatest Hits . . . So Far!!! - *LaFace*
11	8	**Rihanna**	Loud - *Def Jam*
12	9	**Nicki Minaj**	Pink Friday - *Young Money/Cash Money/Universal Motown*
13	7	**Eminem**	Recovery - *Shady/Aftermath*
14	11	**Jason Aldean**	My Kinda Party - *Broken Bow*
15	NEW	**Lucinda Williams**	Blessed - *Lost Highway*
16	NEW	**Francesca Battistelli**	Hundred More Years - *Word*
17	13	**Katy Perry**	Teenage Dream - *Capitol*
18	140 ↑	**Burlesque**	Soundtrack - *RCA*
19	10	**Lady Antebellum**	Need You Now - *Capitol Nashville*
20	14	**Taylor Swift**	Speak Now - *Big Machine*
21	21	**Zac Brown Band**	You Get What You Give - *Southern Ground/Roar/Bigger Picture/Atlantic*
22	18	**Florence and the Machine**	Lungs - *Universal Republic*
23	NEW	**Luke Bryan**	Spring Break 3 . . . It's a Shore (EP) - *Capitol Nashville*
24	19	**Kanye West**	My Beautiful Dark Twisted Fantasy - *Roc-a-Fella/Def Jam*
25	27	**R. Kelly**	Love Letter - *Jive*
26	22	**Justin Bieber**	My Worlds Acoustic - *RBMG/Island*
27	25	**Kid Rock**	Born Free - *Top Dog/Atlantic*
28	16	**Adele**	19 - *XL/Columbia*
29	30	**Rascal Flatts**	Nothing Like This - *Big Machine*
30	32	**Thompson Square**	Thompson Square - *Stoney Creek*
31	NEW	**Beady Eye**	Different Gear, Still Speeding - *Beady Eye*
32	31	**Black Eyed Peas**	The Beginning - *Interscope*
33	NEW	**Forever the Sickest Kids**	Forever the Sickest Kids - *Universal Motown*
34	20	**The Black Keys**	Brothers - *Nonesuch*
35	24	**Justin Bieber**	My World (EP) - *RBMG/Island*
36	NEW	**Lykke Li**	Wounded Rhymes - *LL/Atlantic*
37	28	**Lil Wayne**	I Am Not a Human Being - *Cash Money/Universal Motown*
38	23	**Lady Gaga**	The Fame - *Streamline/KonLive/Cherrytree/Interscope*
39	26	**Kidz Bop Kids**	Kidz Bop 19 - *Razor & Tie*
40	15	**2011 Grammy Nominees**	Various Artists - *Grammy/Jive*



Forever 21

The gospel-tinged "Rolling in the Deep" helped London soul-belter Adele's second LP go gold in just two weeks. She's sold 520,000 copies so far.



Lovely Lucinda

Williams' stripped-down album – featuring a killer guitar solo from Elvis Costello on "Seeing Black" – moved 24,791 units in Week One.



Lazy Eyes

After Oasis ended, Liam Gallagher soldiered on with all the other members except brother Noel. Their debut sold an underwhelming 13,000 copies.



Just Lykke That

With her second LP, the girl-group-hook-powered *Wounded Rhymes*, Swedish indie-pop siren Li moved 12,000 copies in her first week.

00 Chart position on March 9th, 2011
00 Chart position on March 2nd, 2011
NEW New Entry ↑ Greatest Gainer
2ND Re-Entry

Copyright © 2011 by Nielsen Business Media Inc. Reprinted by permission.

Billboard
www.billboard.com

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: LAUREN DUKOFF; JAMES MINCHIN III; STEVE GULLICK; ROGER DECKKER; KERRY BRETT

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

JIM BEAM®

FOR THOSE WHO NEVER SAY 'WHAT IF?' OR 'IF I ONLY.'

BOLD CHOICE

James B Beam



drink smart®

Jim Beam® Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 40% Alc./Vol.
©2011 James B. Beam Distilling Co., Clermont, KY.

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

ADVERTISEMENT

JIM BEAM

LIVE MUSIC SERIES

JIM BEAM'S LIVE MUSIC SERIES is a celebration of every artist whose bold choices helped define their sound, their band and their life. In that spirit, we've established a concert series starring some of the most innovative and fearless artists on tour today.



RICHARD ASHCROFT
THURSDAY, MARCH 24
VILLA VICTORIA, BOSTON

MANCHESTER ORCHESTRA
SATURDAY, MAY 14
TLA THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA

THE HOLD STEADY
SATURDAY, APRIL 2
HOUSE OF BLUES, CLEVELAND

THE FRAY
FRIDAY, MAY 27
FILLMORE, SAN FRANCISCO

DEREK TRUCKS & SUSAN TEDESCHI BAND
FRIDAY, APRIL 8
CENTER STAGE, ATLANTA

GRACE POTTER AND THE NOCTURNALS
FRIDAY, JUNE 3
HOUSE OF BLUES, CHICAGO

KID ROCK
SATURDAY, APRIL 16
THE MACHINE SHOP, FLINT (MI)

BOB SCHNEIDER
SATURDAY, JUNE 18
HOUSE OF BLUES, DALLAS

COLD WAR KIDS
THURSDAY, APRIL 28
HOUSE OF BLUES, ORLANDO

O.A.R.
SATURDAY, JULY 9
PNC BANK ARTS CENTER, HOLMDEL (NJ)

Drink Responsibly.

Jim Beam® Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 40% Alc./Vol. ©2011 James B. Beam Distilling Co., Clermont, KY

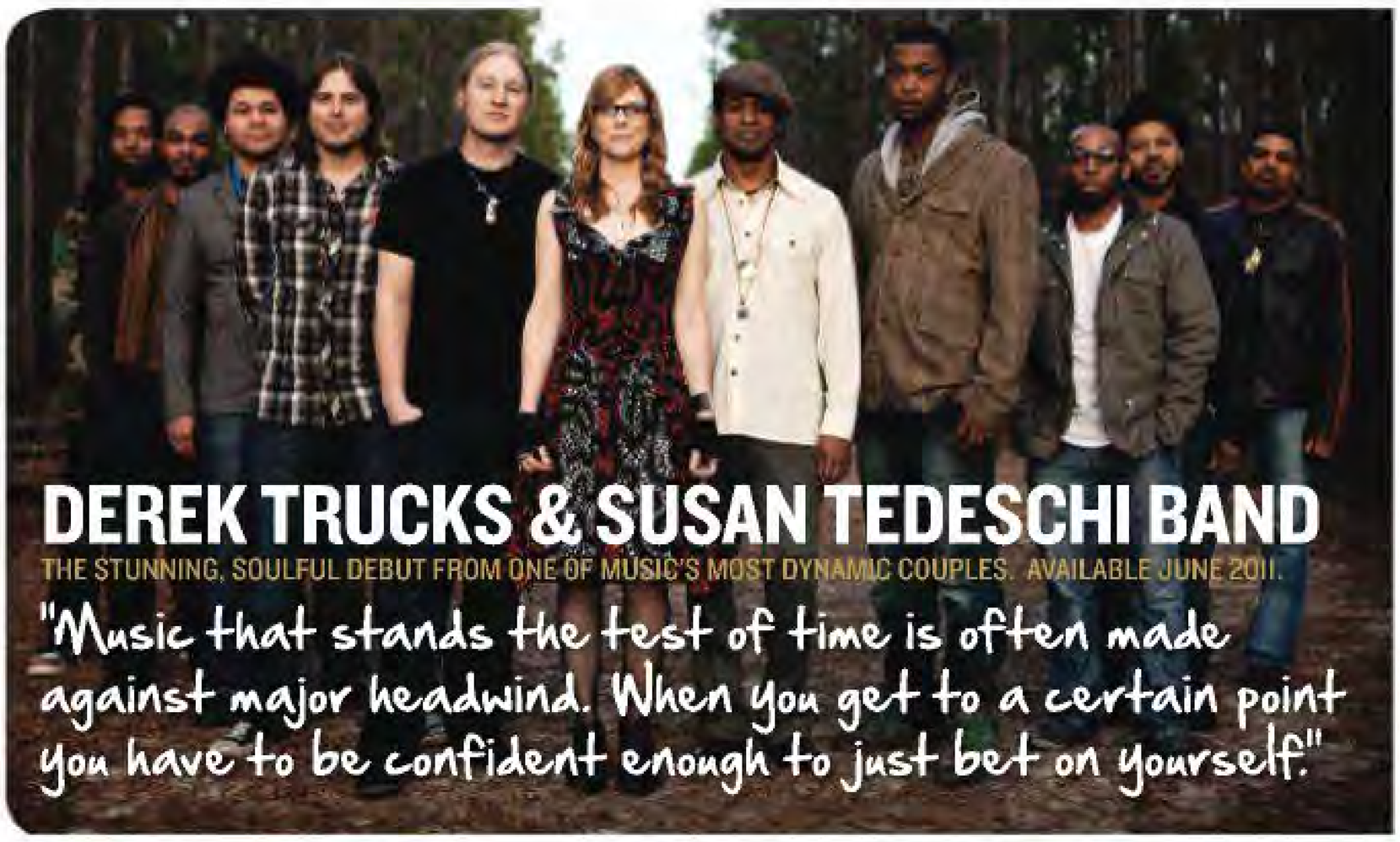
TEXT JBLMS TO 66937 TO JOIN JIM BEAM'S MUSIC LIST.

BY JOINING, YOU WILL RECEIVE PERIODIC TEXT UPDATES ON JIM BEAM MUSIC LIVE CONCERTS & EVENTS. MUST BE 21+ TO JOIN. STANDARD MESSAGE AND DATA RATES MAY APPLY.

ADVERTISEMENT

THE BOLD CHOICES THEY MADE, MADE THEM

Every artist has a pivotal moment in their career that defines who they are and where they're going. The question is, do they choose boldly or not? We asked our Live Music Series artists to talk about the risks they've taken, the choices they've made, and what it means to truly be **BOLD.**





MANCHESTER ORCHESTRA

NEW ALBUM—*SIMPLE MATH*—DUE OUT ON MAY 10. FULL U.S. TOUR IN SUMMER/FALL 2011.

"Being bold is about not allowing anyone or anything like a fan's perspective, or a label, or even people who care about you keep you from dedicating yourself to wha your first artistic inspiration was."



COLD WAR KIDS

NEW ALBUM—*MINE IS YOURS*—IN STORES NOW. ON TOUR SPRING/SUMMER 2011.

"Sometimes it's about contradictions, or e conflict. Artists who are bold are really g at championing some kind of movement o cause, while knowing that it could be at- tacked, but they still move forward with it



THE FRAY

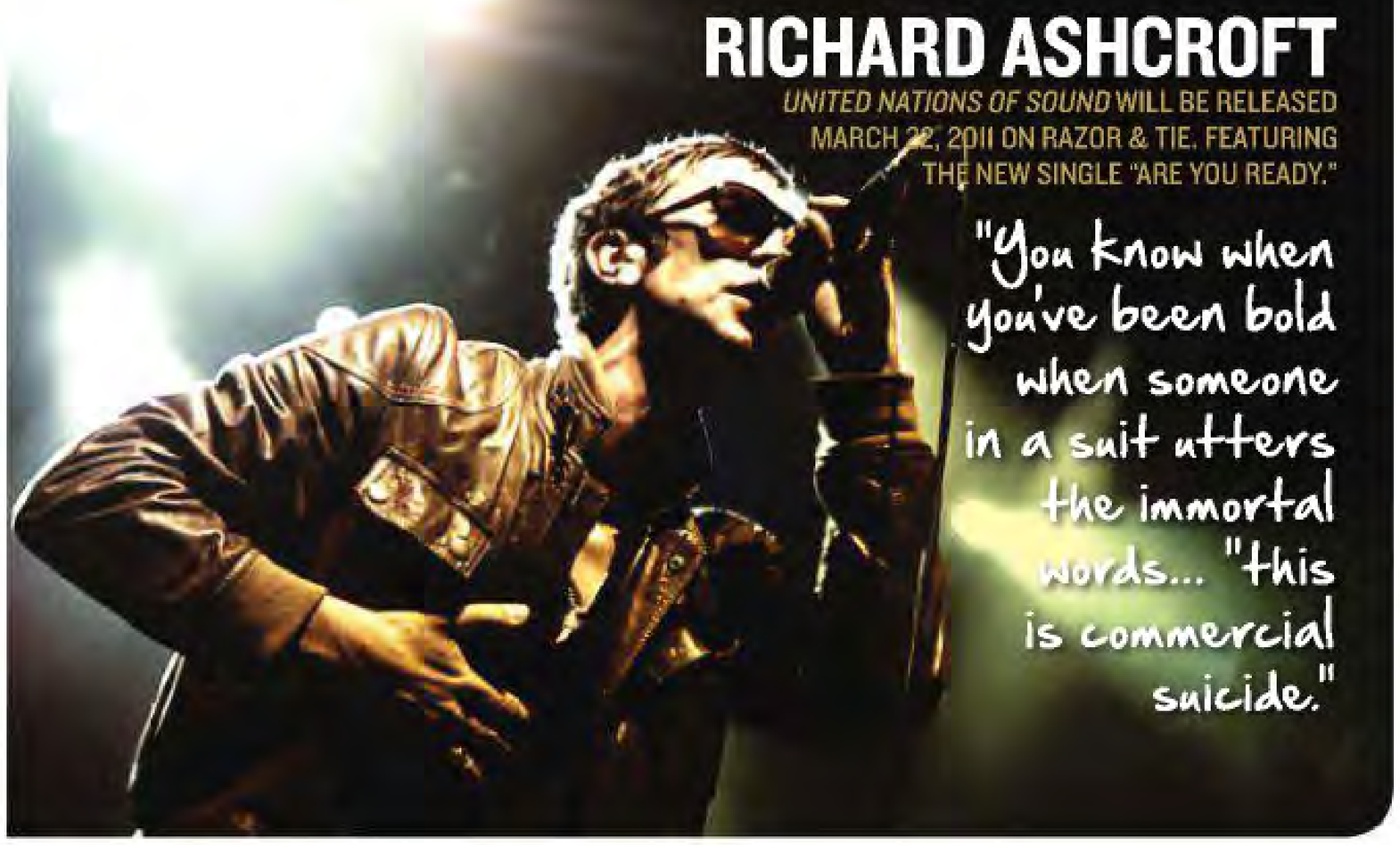
ON TOUR THIS SUMMER WITH U2. NEW ALBUM FALL

"To create individually in the face of col- lectivity, to set unflinching standards and allow for adaptation; this is a bold artist.

StoreMags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

ADVERTISEMENT



RICHARD ASHCROFT

UNITED NATIONS OF SOUND WILL BE RELEASED MARCH 22, 2011 ON RAZOR & TIE. FEATURING THE NEW SINGLE "ARE YOU READY."

"You know when you've been bold when someone in a suit utters the immortal words... "this is commercial suicide."



O.A.R.

ON TOUR THIS SUMMER—NEW MUSIC COMING SOON

"There are always going to be people who try to develop you into their idea of what you should be. Being bold is maintaining who you are and staying true to what you believe."



BOB SCHNEIDER

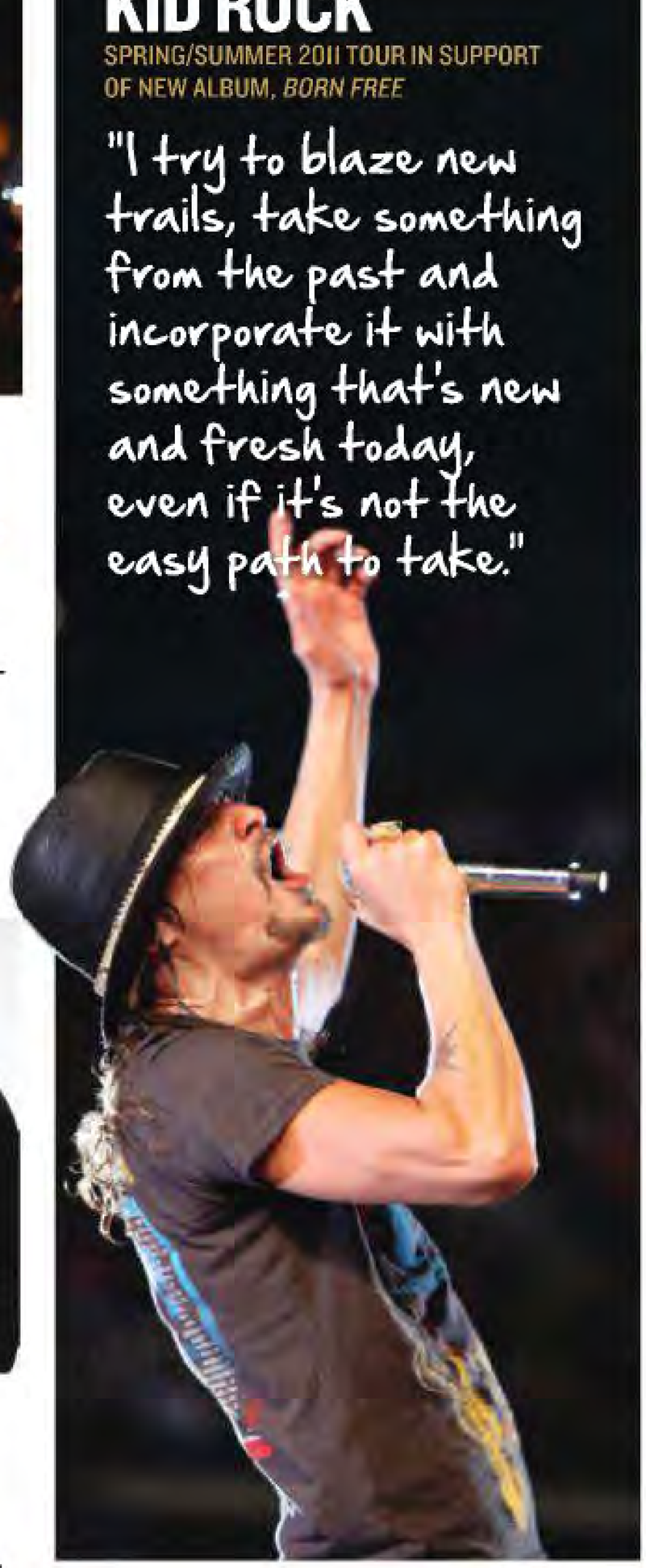
NEW ALBUM—*A PERFECT DAY*—FEATURING THE SINGLE "LET THE LIGHT IN" OUT APRIL 19, 2011. SEE BOB ON TOUR SPRING/SUMMER 2011.

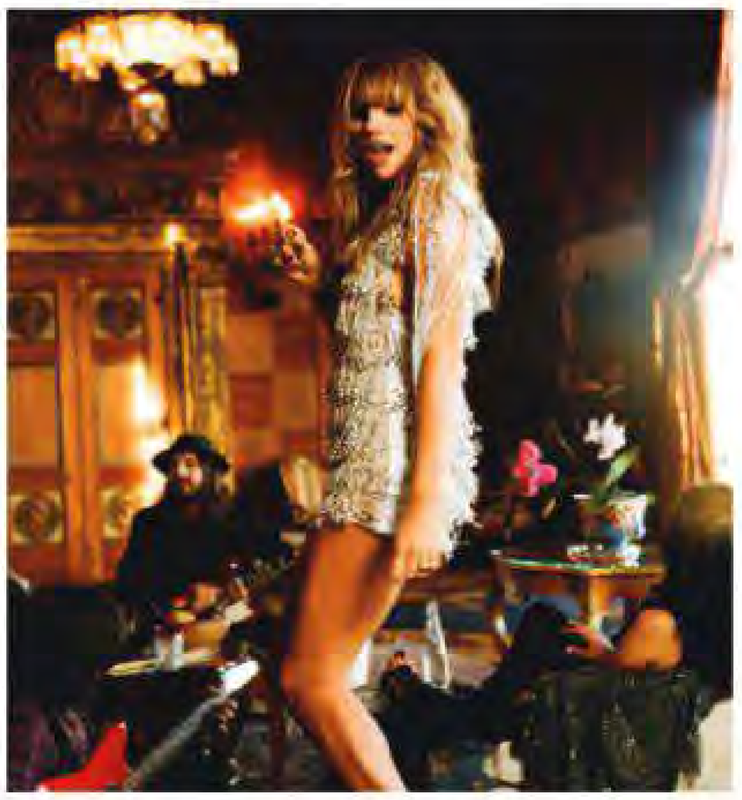
"Probably the boldest choice I make when I play live or write music is to just go with whatever comes into my head instead of thinking about what the listener might think about it. Just going with my instincts. That's when I feel the most free and usually when I make the best choices."

KID ROCK

SPRING/SUMMER 2011 TOUR IN SUPPORT OF NEW ALBUM, *BORN FREE*

"I try to blaze new trails, take something from the past and incorporate it with something that's new and fresh today, even if it's not the easy path to take."





GRACE POTTER

AND THE NOCTURNALS

ON TOUR NOW IN SUPPORT OF THEIR LATEST SELF-TITLED ALBUM. CATCH THE SINGLE, "PARIS (OOH LA LA)" ON VH1.

"Boldness means never having to say you're sorry. I love watching artists who have an unapologetic swagger. All the best Rock & Roll came from bands that pushed the boundaries, tried new things, enraged people, inspired generations and never made excuses.



THE HOLD STEADY

CRITICALLY ACCLAIMED NEW STUDIO ALBUM *HEAVEN IS WHENEVER* AVAILABLE EVERYWHERE.

"I think an artist or a musician who is bold is someone not afraid to take chances, who's not afraid to grow."

JIM BEAM

LIVE MUSIC SERIES

GO TO JIMBEAM.COM/LIVEMUSICSERIES TO SEE EXCLUSIVE VIDEOS AND TO LEARN MORE ABOUT OUR ARTISTS & THE BOLD CHOICES THEY MADE TO SET THEIR CAREERS IN MOTION.

Drink Responsibly.

Jim Beam® Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 40% Alc./Vol. ©2011 James B. Beam Distilling Co., Clermont, KY.

Store Mags.com - Free Magazines Download In True PDF format

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

StoreMags.com

StoreMags.com